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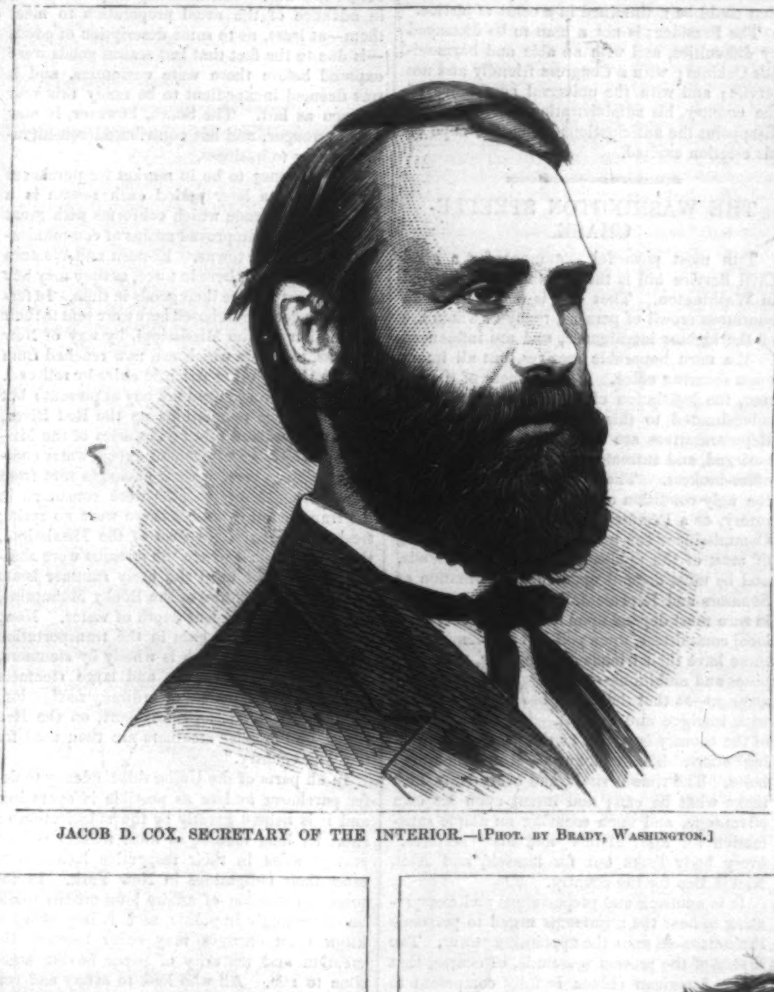
JACOB D. COX,

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

JACOB DOLSON COX, the new Secretary of the Interior, was born in Montreal, Canada, October 27, 1828. His parents were natives of the United States. Soon after his birth they returned to New York city.

Mr. Cox graduated at Oberlin College, Ohio, in 1851, and then entered upon the practice of law in that State. He was in 1859 elected to the Ohio Senate by the Republican party. He began immediately after the opening of the civil war to organize volunteers, receiving a commission as Brigadier-General. Soon after he was ordered with his brigade to West Virginia, and placed in command of the District of Kanawha. Here, under command of General ROSECRANS, his command did effective, but not particularly brilliant, service. He was subsequently assigned to the Ninth Corps, and participated in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, commanding the corps after the fall of General RENO. For his services in this campaign he was made a Major-General. Subsequently he commanded, with credit to himself and the army, a division of the Twenty-third Corps during the Atlanta campaign, the numerous engagements which occurred serving to make that campaign almost a continuous battle. During the pursuit of HOOD's army, following the fall of Atlanta, General Cox commanded the Twenty-third Corps with uniform success. He also rendered gallant service with that corps during HOOD's pursuit of General THOMAS's army, which ended in the triumphant success of the Union forces at the battle of Nashville.

Scarcely had the war closed when he was nominated and elected Governor of Ohio. He was generally understood to be a Conservative Republican, owing to his preference of a system for the forcible colonization of negroes to the extension of suffrage to that race. Mr. Cox is a well-read lawyer, an elegant and forcible writer, and a studious scholar of history and politics.



JACOB D. COX, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.—[PHOT. BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.]

EBENEZER R. HOAR,

ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

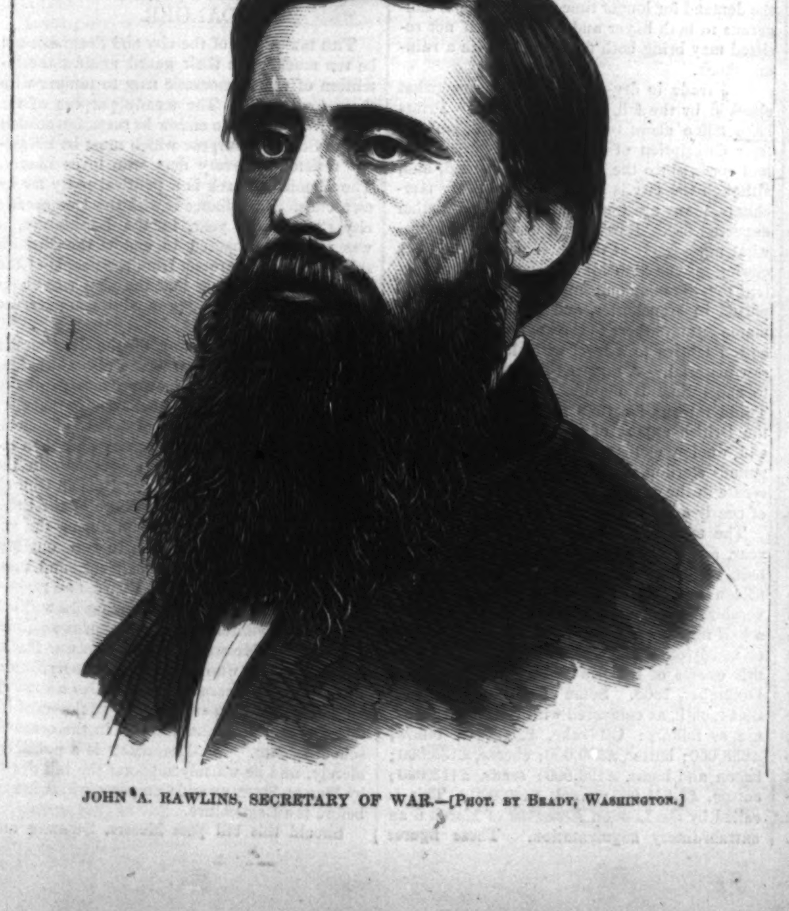
EBENEZER ROCKWOOD HOAR, the new Attorney-General, was born in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1816. He was graduated at Harvard in 1836, and immediately entered upon the practice of law. In 1848 he was a prominent and effective speaker at the Worcester Convention, over which his father presided, and at which the Free-Soil party in his State was organized. After a short experience in the State Senate he was placed on the bench of the Court of Common Pleas. In 1854 he delivered a very notable charge to the Suffolk Grand Jury, expressing the indignation of New England sentiment at the return of ANTHONY BURNS. He took part as a delegate in the Philadelphia Convention of 1856, where the Republican party was born. Governor BANKS, in 1859, appointed him Judge of the Massachusetts Superior Court, to succeed Judge THOMAS. The New Attorney-General is a cousin of the retiring incumbent of the office, Mr. EVARTS.

JOHN A. RAWLINS,

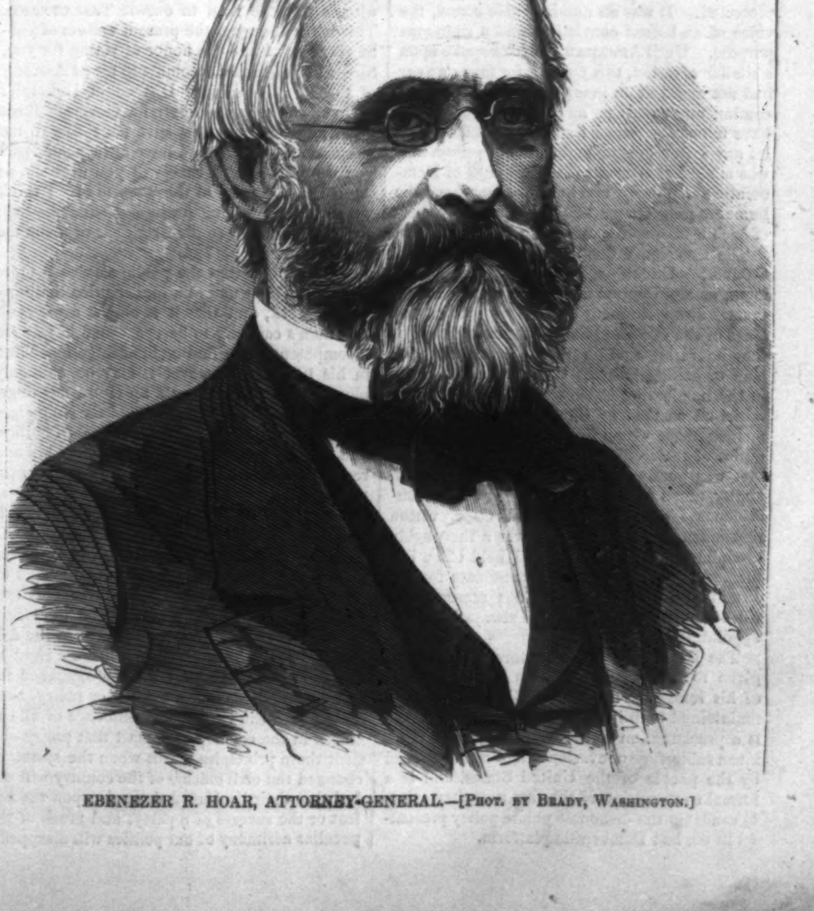
SECRETARY OF WAR.

THE President has made his late Chief-of-Staff his Secretary of War. It was fitting that one who had been so long associated with him, and who had proved himself a faithful servant through the eventful campaigns of a long war, should become his principal military adviser. With SHERMAN at the head of the Army, and RAWLINS at the head of the War Department, the people may well feel satisfied as to the future conduct of military operations.

General RAWLINS is a native of Illinois, having been born in Jo Daviess County, February 13, 1831. He is the youngest officer in GRANT's Cabinet. He received a common school education, and until he was 23 years of age he was engaged in agricultural pursuits. He then entered a law office in Galena, Illinois, where he first be-



JOHN A. RAWLINS, SECRETARY OF WAR.—[PHOT. BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.]



EBENEZER R. HOAR, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—[PHOT. BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.]

came acquainted with Grant. Next year he was admitted to the bar, and in the practice of law he was tolerably successful. He married Miss Emily Smith, of Goshen, New York, in 1856, and lived happily with her for five years, when she died, after having borne him three children.

General Rawlins held no public offices prior to the war, but he was known in Galena as an active and able Democratic politician. Soon after the Confederate forces fired upon Fort Sumter a large public meeting was held at Galena by the Republicans and War Democrats, at which President, then Mr. Grant, presided, and General Rawlins spoke. The action of Grant caused no surprise, as he was then unknown, and his views one way or the other made but little difference. The case was different with Rawlins, however. He was widely known as a Democrat, and in his speeches had bitterly denounced the Republicans. His declaration in favor of coercive measures was all the more surprising from the fact that at the time the great leader of his wing of the Democratic party, Senator Douglas, had not yet made known his intended action.

In August, 1861, Rawlins was, at Grant's request, appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General. He was chosen Chief-of-Staff in November, 1862, a position which he retained until his present appointment. In the line of promotion Captain Rawlins was made Major February 16, 1862, Lieutenant-Colonel November 1, 1862, and Brigadier-General of Volunteers August 11, 1863. On March 3, 1865, he was confirmed as Brevet Major-General of Volunteers. He is said to be the most thorough and practical Adjutant-General in the Army.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 3, 1869.

THE PRESIDENT.

THE President probably did not expect that he was to avoid trouble by going into the White House, and he is not disappointed. The range of duties and the official methods are different from those to which he has been most accustomed; but he has the sagacity which swiftly adapts itself to changed circumstances, and a certain coolness which enables him justly to weigh reasons. Amidst the tempest of rumors and speculations from Washington, the wise man will fix his eye steadily upon what has been actually said and done by the President, if he would properly estimate the promise of his administration. It is well for every body to remember that for every office in the country there are probably a dozen or more applicants. Consequently the number of the dissatisfied will be enormous, and when a Republican shakes his head doubtfully over the new administration, it will be always an interesting inquiry whether he wished for any thing or had recommended any body, and whether his wishes and recommendation were successful. If, on the other hand, Mr. Toots, who thought nothing so democratic and delightful as a slave-holding despotism, suspects General Grant of monarchical tendencies—why, Mr. Toots will be Mr. Toots.

The President's first word was his inaugural. It was brief, pointed, decisive, and admirable. He said that the national honor must be maintained by fulfilling the spirit of the law, and that freedom of opinion must be every where protected. It was an unmistakable sound, the voice of an honest conviction, and a righteous purpose. Until Abraham Lincoln spoke upon a similar occasion, this country for many a year had not heard at an inauguration any thing becoming an American and a man. Since we have happily emerged from that baleful epoch let any man reflect upon the kind of person that was made President in the latter days of Democratic ascendency, and he will comprehend the immense progress marked by the mere presence of such a man as Grant in the White House.

The President's first act was his choice of a Cabinet. Undoubtedly it was a disappointment, as any Cabinet must have been, and the greater disappointment because the previous silence of the President had excited expectations that no result could satisfy. Mr. Lincoln's plan of calling into his Cabinet all his rivals in the nominating Convention was as severely criticised as that of General Grant in summoning those whom he believed fitted for the duties of their offices. Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet was purely political, signally destitute of ability, and a mere conspiracy. Its single conspicuous member was General Cass, whose recommendation was that he was a thoroughly disciplined Democrat, who had held office immemorially, and had been a candidate for the Presidency. There are obvious reasons why the selection of a Cabinet will always be a disappointment.

The President's first signature to a bill was given to that which embodies the declaration of his inaugural that the public faith must be maintained both in spirit and to the letter. It is a proclamation to the world that no kind of mean subterfuge or evasion will be countenanced by the people of the United States, and is a formal confirmation of the fact that they utterly condemn the dishonest public policy presented in the last Democratic platform.

There has been a long delay upon the part of the President to await the action of the Senate upon the Tenure-of-Office bill. Whatever the action of the Senate may be, we presume that the President will see his course to be plain. The initiative in executive administration belongs to him. If he is of opinion that the public welfare requires the removal of an officer he should nominate a successor, and leave to the Senate the responsibility of retaining him. But there is no reason for the President or for the country to fear that the Senate wishes to thwart the President's desire of a vigorous and honest administration. If it does, if it should plainly connive at corruption or inefficiency, by refusing to confirm those whom the President might name for the purpose of pure administration, the Senate would certainly be held to the strictest accountability. The President is responsible for his "judgment" in suggesting the removal of civil officers. But, as Senator Conkling truly said, it is useless to suppose that he can not remove except for reasons that could be maintained in a court of justice.

The President is not a man to be dismayed by difficulties, and with an able and harmonious Cabinet; with a Congress friendly and not servile; and with the universal confidence of the country, his administration is not likely to disappoint the anticipations which the hope of his election excited.

THE WASHINGTON STEEPLE-CHASE.

The most powerful argument for a good Civil Service bill is the spectacle now offered in Washington. That city is occupied by an enormous crowd of persons, many of whom are of the highest intelligence, and are influenced by the most honorable motives, but all intent upon securing office. The business of the nation, the legislation of Congress, are virtually subordinated to this pursuit. Senators and Representatives are dogged, and hunted, and besieged, and entreated, and they become mere office-brokers. They can not help it. It is the ugly condition of their situation. A Secretary, or a Postmaster-General, or a Revenue Commissioner can not possibly know any thing of most of the applicants, or of their friends, and he must depend upon such information as Senators and Representatives can give. They in turn must depend upon friends at home, upon local committees, upon political gentlemen, and these have their friends and enemies, their purposes and ambitions—they bargain and buy and arrange—so that the whole body politic seethes with intrigue and conflict. The civil service of the country is put up as the prize of "knowing" effort. The square pegs get into the round holes. The time is short, and every body must make what he can; and intent upon his own advantage, and upon securing an ample satisfaction for his "claims" and his "services," every body looks out for himself, and Auld Nickie Ben for the country.

It is amusing and preposterous and exasperating to hear the arguments urged to persuade the influences upon the appointing power. The theory of the present system is, of course, that every American citizen is fully competent to any possible position. Here is an excellent carpenter who would like to make you a coat. Here is a capital plumber who insists upon appraising Canton silks. Here is a gallant middy who is just the man to outwit Talleyrand. This is the theory of the present system of public service. I had the honor of voting for you, Sir—will you please recommend me as Assessor of the Five Hundredth District of Dakotah? Sir, you were my candidate for Governor three years ago—will you just give me a line to the Postmaster-General? I have always supposed you were my friend, Sir—will you urge me as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury? I think we staid in adjoining towns last summer—will you write strongly to the President to make me Consul at Shanghai?

The result is that the public service is more wretchedly done and at a higher price than any private work, and that it is almost a discredit to a man's capacity to be concerned in it. An incompetent fellow finding himself going behind in his business, whatever it may be, suddenly plunges into politics; gets up clubs, meetings, processions; is the active man of the campaign, a business requiring not a great deal of ability, and the election over, presents his little bill and requests payment in an office. Is such a gentleman likely to be proof against the temptations of office? That he will be a shirk, is evident; but may he not also prove to be a knave? Of course this is no reason for intrusting the public service to precisely similar gentlemen of the other party. If, indeed, the present system must continue, by all means let the offices be filled by those who sympathize with the Administration. This the people have a right to demand; for when they have pronounced for certain principles and a particular policy, they do not wish the vast, moral influence of all the offices in the country to thwart that policy and flout those principles. But when the system is changed the civil officers of the country will not feel that their livelihood depends upon the defeat or the success of a party, and much of the peculiar acrimony of our politics will disappear.

Certainly every good citizen must see that it is not desirable—that it is very perilous—that a Presidential election should be regarded merely as a grand battle for the spoils of the civil service. It is a corrupting tendency which this country can not possibly endure. The only practicable present remedy lies in putting honest and capable men of the Administration party, not merely its loud partisans, in office; but the relief must come from a reasonable Civil Service bill, which will not leave competency and honesty to be determined by a party club or committee. We do not think that this Administration should disregard party in its appointments. But we do think that partisan considerations alone ought not to secure office.

THE PRESENT STATE OF TRADE.

Southern merchants arrived in New York earlier this year than last, and they are present in larger numbers than at any period except before the war. The anomaly of their arrival in advance of the usual preparation to meet them—at least, as to some description of goods—is due to the fact that last season goods were exposed before there were customers, and it was deemed inexpedient to be ready this year as soon as last. The South, however, is now much stronger, and has contributed considerable activity to business.

The tendency to be in market for purchases for spring at a later period each season is a feature of the trade which conforms with great precision to the improved means of communication with interior towns. Eastern and Western merchants are not here in force, as they may buy later and yet receive their goods in time. In former years goods purchased here were sent to their destination up the Mississippi, by way of New Orleans, to points which are now reached from New York and other Atlantic cities by railroad. Those thus favored need not buy at present; but there are large populations up the Red River, the Arkansas, and other tributaries of the Mississippi which have no means except water communication to receive their packages sent from New York. Many months were consumed in the transportation, and if there were no spring freshets on the rivers west of the Mississippi, those who traded where the streams were shallow had to wait until the early summer heats had melted the snows of the Rocky Mountains, and furnished sufficient depth of water. Now, however, there is a gain in the transportation to New Orleans, which is wholly by steamers, instead of sailing vessels, and large steamers run thence to the head of ordinary navigation, such, for instance, as Shreveport, on the Red River, and smaller steamers are then used for the "up country."

In all parts of the Union this tendency to defer purchases as late as possible is operating, and it is helped greatly by the substitution of short for long credits, as most traders rely on prompt sales in their respective localities to meet their obligations in New York. In the present condition of affairs long credits would be exceedingly impolitic, as it is impossible to know what changes may occur between the creation and maturity of paper having much time to run. All who look to safety and certainty should sternly discountenance the effort to extend the credits of trade which are now being made. The ambition to do a large business tempts many in New York to accede to the demand for longer time. The policy is dangerous to both buyer and seller, and if not resisted may bring both face to face with a ruinous shock.

The trade in dry-goods has been somewhat checked by the fall in cotton fabrics. Prints have fallen about two cents per yard, and the finer description of shirtings about one and a half cents, since the spring trade opened, and, although the city is quite full of country merchants, many are tempted to wait for a further expected fall. Raw cotton was offered somewhat more freely at the latter part of the week closing on the 20th March, owing to some extent to failures among small cotton-spinners reported in Manchester, and to the inability of manufacturers there to elevate the price of their cotton fabrics to a level with the price of the raw material. A renewed disposition to resort to short time is manifested. The Board of Trade returns for 1868 show a diminution in the British export of cotton and linen goods and woolen cloths of about five millions of pounds sterling, mitigated somewhat by an increase in the export of worsted stuffs and yarns of nearly a million and a half.

The total of exports had fallen off for the year, as compared with 1867, a million and a half, while the imports had increased nearly fifteen millions—making an account less favorable, as compared with 1867, of sixteen and a half millions of pounds sterling, or in currency nearly one hundred millions of dollars. Of this excess of imports £6,000,000 occurred in December, 1868. Some of the items of it for that month, as compared with December, 1867, are as follows: Oil-cake, £285,000; tallow, £658,000; butter, £559,000; cheese, £135,000; bacon and hams, £196,000; seeds, £412,000; cotton, £3,541,000; wool, £460,000. This is called by the London *Economist* of March 6 an extraordinary augmentation. These figures show unmistakably some of the effects of the drought of 1867, as much of the excess of importation was due to that calamity.

The question whence the large supplies required until after the new harvest will be obtained is a deeply interesting one to this country, as we have all descriptions of grain and food on hand to sell if the limits now affixed by English purchasers are advanced so as to tempt our farmers to send to market. Messrs. J. & C. Sturge, of Birmingham, in their grain trade circular of March 4, say: "In February we usually have some improvement in the value of wheat. This year, however, the price has declined 2*s.* per quarter, and flour 3*s.* 4*d.* per sack. This we attribute to the quick passage of ships recently sailed from ports east of Gibraltar, thus arriving with those longer at sea, bringing on the market at one time great quantities of grain from the Danube, Black, and Azof seas. There are now, however, only 180 left afloat from these places, against 590 at this time last year."

The dependent condition of the kingdom for food to maintain her population of over 30,000,000, and for the raw material which is used in manufactures, is met by efforts of unparalleled activity to obtain the needed supplies. No market is left unexplored, and the exuberance, real or supposed, of crops in one portion of the world is paraded in those countries in which there is a scarcity to induce sales at moderate rates. This incessant activity, aided by exaggerated reports of the home production, enables English dealers to obtain the immense supplied required from foreign countries for subsistence at the lowest rates. The interest which leads to this policy is easily understood, when it is known that five hundred millions of dollars, measured by our currency, must be annually sent away to purchase food, and that this enormous sum must be earned from the rest of the world by the profits of manufacturing industry.

That a people thus situated should be able to dictate to this country—amply supplied not only with both the raw material and food, but also with coal, with water-power, and all the appliances for success—what we shall pay for her manufactures, and what we shall take for our food, would be impossible if we were not provided with financiers, the managers of banks, who contribute incessantly to this tributary alliance.

There is but one class in the Union which can save the country from this disadvantage. It is the great substantial farming interest. If it continue sound in its finances, as we trust it may, this powerful interest, by holding its supplies until remunerating prices are offered at their farms, may avoid the slaughter which will be easy if they press their produce prematurely upon the sea-board.

Our imports this year are much too large—due in part to the sale of our bonds in Europe at advanced prices; but notwithstanding this error in policy and the certainty of ultimate suffering there is ample ground for expecting a satisfactory season. The quantity of paper-money will continue unaffected by any Congressional policy; and we may go on safely for the present, looking with such apprehension to the future as to require all possible caution in our dealings.

THE COMMON SCHOOLS IN DANGER.

The tax-payers of the city and State can not be too much upon their guard against the intention of the Democratic ring to tamper with the school-fund. The steady purpose of the Romish Church is to endow its sectarian schools by the State—a purpose which must be inflexibly resisted by every man who loves liberty. The Romish Church is a political party for its own ends. Its alliance is with the Democratic city ring. Last year, in the Legislature, it was virtually proposed to endow the Romish schools; but the protest from the people of the State was so startling that the plan was abandoned, and what was granted was under the name of charity.

The intention of many of the Democratic managers in this city, who are also Catholics, is well understood. They propose to obtain complete control of the school system, that they may use the three millions of dollars of school-money for their party purposes; and then securing, as they hope, the ascendency in the Legislature, the schools of the Romish Church will receive a proportionate share of the State fund. The attempt was begun during the autumn, when it was proposed to turn out Mr. Boese, the accomplished, efficient, and most satisfactory Secretary of the Board, and replace him by Mr. Hitchman, a young New York Democratic politician, who is one of the political friends of Messrs. Sweeny, Tweed, Hall, and Company, who manage the party. Mr. Boese is a Democrat, but he is also a man of long and active experience, and of the most intelligent and profound interest in the common school system. Mr. Hitchman is a politician merely, and he warmly supports the bill drawn by Messrs. Sweeny and Company, which is now before the Legislature.

Should this bill pass Messrs. Sweeny and

Company become the Board of Education of this city. The Mayor, one of the firm, is authorized to appoint twelve Commissioners instead of those now elected in the school districts, who are to hold office until the end of this year; and at the next annual election twelve Commissioners are to be elected upon general ticket. The whole fund being meanwhile in the hands of the Mayor's appointees, and the 2600 teachers being subject to their appointment, an immense sum can be raised for the party, the election of the "right man" can be secured, and the change of the State policy of non-sectarian schools to a distribution of the school-fund will follow.

Of course, if the schools of one church may be endowed by the State, those of all the churches may be. Sectarian lines will be drawn more and more sharply. The principle of impartiality once broken down any consequence may ensue. When the State recognizes any church it may choose to recognize but one. It will naturally prefer that which is most fully represented in the dominant party; and our good friend, Father Hecker, will undoubtedly smile as he supposes he sees this evidence of the good time coming when the Yankees will acknowledge the Pope as their spiritual sovereign.

The duty of the people of New York is plain. They are heavily taxed for the support of common schools. The new Constitution provides for the free instruction of all persons between seven and twenty years of age. Let the people insist that those schools shall be utterly free from the least taint of sectarianism. The claim of the Romish priests that children ought to be religiously taught has nothing to do with the question. Nobody denies that children ought to be religiously taught, but every American denies that the State ought to teach them religion. To teach religion, it must have a religion; but while the State or the body of the citizens may be as religious as they will, they can not, as a State, profess or encourage any particular form or all forms of religion without imperiling religious and political liberty. The Democratic ring wishes to destroy the present common school system of the city, and the Romish party support the attempt. The immediate result will be to make the whole school system tributary to Messrs. Sweeny, Tweed, Hall, and Company. The real objects are: first, the political advantage of those gentlemen; and second, a sectarian distribution of the State school fund in favor of the Romish Church as a bid for votes.

LATEST FROM THE DEMOCRACY.

The late address of the Democratic members of the Indiana Legislature, who resigned their places rather than vote upon the Fifteenth Amendment, is ludicrous and humiliating; but it contains the substance of the Democratic opposition every where. Kentucky has rejected the Amendment; so has Delaware; so will New Jersey; the Democratic members of the New York Legislature opposed it—and all virtually for the reasons laid down in the Indiana address. This, therefore, may be considered the latest political manifesto of the party that calls aloud for "statesmanship."

"We believe," say the Indiana gentlemen, "the government was formed *for* white men, in the *interest* of white men, as well as we *know* it was created *by* white men." The italics are theirs; and grammar, truth, reason, and common-sense sink in one general ruin in this comical performance. The real opinions of the founders of the government are so familiar to intelligent persons that it is needless to repeat them. Their general view was that slavery was inconsistent with the principles of the government; but that it was rapidly disappearing, and would soon end, while color was not a bar to the suffrage. If Washington, and Madison, and Hamilton, and Jefferson, and George Mason, and James Otis, and John Adams, the men who signed the Declaration and the Constitution, were living to-day, every body knows how earnest would be their support of the Amendment.

And if it were not so—if the fathers had held a different opinion in their time and under their circumstances, is it impossible for Indiana Democrats to see that we live in other times and circumstances? Now that there are no slaves; now that the suffrage is equal in the old slave States; now that we must have a vast population of pariahs, or extend the suffrage to all; now that agitation of the question is as wise and timely as the discussion of the Louisiana purchase; now that the country has finally and authoritatively pronounced upon the subject, why do not the Indiana Democrats take up a new line, which there might be some hope of holding? Presently we shall have these bewildered statesmen opposing the prohibition of the African slave-trade. They will be sending petitions to the White House, praying General Jackson not to relax his terrible hold of Mr. Nicholas Biddle. They will go to the people of Indiana upon the question of adopting the Montgomery Constitution. These worthy gentlemen call themselves "hard-headed representatives"—of lignum vitæ or iron-wood?

The Indiana Democratic representatives declare that "every thing is made to bow to this insane folly of negro worship," but they propose to protest to the end. If "all constitutional and legal barriers, and middle walls of partition (*sic*) between the races, are to be broken down," what ghastly consequences will not follow? These people are to be educated! They are to labor! They are to be equal in the making of the laws that govern them! And if you break down middle walls of partition what is to prevent the ingenuous Democratic youth of Indiana from intermarrying with those who are not white people? What is to become of the instinct of inferiority that we Democrats are forever prating of, if constitutional and legal barriers give way? If "the degraded colored race" are not to be treated as cattle, "then will our whole State be flooded with this population."

And more of the same, said the sententious but fatigued usher announcing the Smith family at the levee. The feeblest clap-trap of a desperate Democratic campaign speech of twenty years ago is put forth by these worthy Indiana gentlemen as an inevitable step of progress. And the party which will not learn, which in the midst of the war cried out for surrender, and when the war was over demanded repudiation and restoration of the rump of the slave power, can only falsify history and insult human nature in its frantic and futile effort to save some relic of antiquated injustice.

THE REPORT ON LEGISLATIVE CORRUPTION.

A quiet observer of public affairs in this State for the last few weeks would be forced to the conclusion that with all their outcry against legislative corruption the leading journals are not very anxious for reform. Some time ago the *Tribune* directly charged Senators at Albany with receiving money for votes. It emphasized its charge in the strongest manner by appeals to Senator Folger that it was matter of universal notoriety. And, indeed, the corruption of some members of the Legislature is as generally believed as the fact of a Legislature. The Senate, therefore, charged by the chief paper of its majority as corrupt, ordered an investigation. Mr. Matthew Hale, Mr. Thayer, and Mr. Nichols were the committee appointed, and three honester men never sat in any Legislature. Mr. Hale, the chairman, is an able and sagacious lawyer, cool and independent, and perfectly familiar with politics and politicians.

Now what did every body know when the investigation began? That under the present law it is impossible, unless a knave is also a fool, to obtain actual evidence of bribery. All that a committee of investigation can do is to summon witnesses and report exactly what has been proved. Is it the duty of the committee to report that a certain Senator is charged with crime; that they have taken pains to find the proof; that they have not found any proof, but believe him guilty? "No," says the impatient reader, convinced that a Senator did take bribes—"no, but they can state the facts so that every body can draw the necessary inference. If they believe, with the rest of us, that one of their number took money and yet can not prove it, they can relate the circumstances so that while they say there is no proof, they yet morally convict him, and then they can show how to convict in future." Certainly they can; and this is precisely what the committee did.

Senator Mattoon was charged with accepting bribes. The actual proof of that fact is necessarily wanting. But the committee establish that large sums of money were spent for corrupt purposes; that lobby agents, who are named, received money with the understanding that it was to influence Senatorial votes; and the committee present chronologically Mr. Mattoon's connection with the whole subject in such a way as to leave very little doubt in any candid mind both of his guilt and of the committee's opinion. They certainly had no right to say that they believed what was not proved; still less to declare Mr. Mattoon probably guilty, and move his expulsion upon their surmise. But having most carefully, conscientiously, and thoroughly investigated the charges; having ascertained that the *Tribune* asserted upon rumor merely, the committee proceed to say, what their perception had revealed and their investigation had confirmed, that until the law is changed such allegations must always be rumor, that knaves in or out of the Senate can always defy proof, and that a change of the law is essential to proof of guilt.

If ever there were an honest and able committee making a faithful report and recommending a wise reform, it was here. They distinctly state that the proof carries them to a certain point which falls short of the vital fact. They show that under the present law it is impossible to go further, and propose a method of reaching the important point; and thereupon they are denounced by the papers as "shirks" and "whitewashers." Of course, the *Tribune*, which had made the specific charge of which the committee gave all the proof that there is, was disposed to insinuate that there was more if the committee had wanted it; but why should the *Times*, which has so well urged the very difficulty that the committee encountered, and so strongly advocated the remedy that they suggest, turn upon them as if they were probably as deep in the mire as somebody in the mud? And the *Evening Post*, also, with which we always gladly co-operate in any honest reform, seems to us curiously to pervert this case.

Certainly the course which our friends have pursued in denouncing the efforts of the Senators to secure the exposure and punishment of bribery is not very encouraging to honest legislators. If the press denounces committees which do not prove what the press wishes to have proved, why should we talk about corruption? What bribery of public men is worse than the declaration or the understanding that they will be denounced in the papers if they do not say what they are expected to say?

LITERARY.

Mr. Bowles is one of the raciest and most stimulating of travelers who tell their adventures. His book of two or three years ago describing the overland journey to California was not only like Mr. Olmsted's books of Southern travel, as full of valuable information as an egg of meat, but it was as breezy and picturesque as the trip itself. It was one of the heartiest American books ever written. And this delightful little volume is another. It is the record of an editor's vacation ramble to Colorado, and it may truly be said that what this book does not tell of Colorado is not worth knowing. But it is attractive not only for the hard facts of mines and ores, and other statistics, but for its vivid descriptions both of nature and of human nature. We have no room to quote, but if we had we could offer the reader "bits" and "landscapes" that would tempt him to what Mr. Bowles is sure the country will presently become, the Switzerland of America. Whatever the changes in that region, and however rapid, this volume and its predecessor will have a perennial interest and value. Mr. Bowles is his own publisher, S. Bowles & Co., Springfield, Massachusetts.

The Countess Guiccioli's long-expected book, "My Recollections of Lord Byron," has just been issued by the Harpers, and will be eagerly read by thousands of those upon whom the spell of his genius and career are still active. They are indeed a striking and entertaining contribution to a period of literary history which is profoundly interesting to this generation. The book contains a summary of the many judgments passed upon the famous poet in detail, and represents him in some lights that are both novel and surprising.

The Maid of Saragossa and Moll Pitcher stand in a pleasant light of historical romance; but their sex never produced a truer heroine than Harriet Tubman, who was born a slave in Maryland, and who, after her own escape, devoted herself to the rescue of others. A little volume has been published in Auburn, made up of the story of her life as she tells it, and as it is known to many of those who were most interested in the underground railroad. It is a pitiful but profoundly interesting tale. It makes the nerves of an honorable man tingle, indeed, to think that it is not a romance of some dissolute and decrepit old country, but the true story of our American times and of a living woman. The work, which is very small, can be obtained by those who would help a really noble woman at A. D. F. Randolph's, or by sending to Wm. G. Wise, Esq., Auburn, N. Y.

Mr. John James Piatt's "Western Windows," published by Hurd & Houghton, is a volume of poetry from the West, remarkable for purity and simplicity of feeling, and for a true ballad pathos. There is a delicate beauty in many of the verses, a genuine tenderness, which are delightful. Some of the ballads of the war in this volume have not been surpassed, and will certainly remain as most true and striking contemporary pictures. The little volume comes quite unheralded, but it is well worthy the attention of all who follow with interest and curiosity the development of our literature.

Sever & Francis, in a cheap issue of their comely "Golden Treasury" series, give us Palgrave's delightful selection of the best English lyrical poetry by authors not living, with the "Book of Golden Deeds," by Miss Yonge—a manual of romantic heroism. They also publish, in a cheap but neat form, "Arne; a Story of Norwegian Life," by Björnstjerne Björnsen, who has made himself most pleasantly known to English story-readers, and who is said to translate his own works into English, French, German, and Italian. They have also issued Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein"—a story of which many of this generation of readers have heard, but which is now first made accessible to them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 15:

In the Senate, the bill for the Public Credit was passed as it came from the House, 42 to 13.

In the House, a joint resolution was adopted for the protection of the interests of the United States in the Pacific Railroad.

March 16:

In the Senate, the bill for the Reorganization of the Navy was passed with amendments.—The Tenure-of-Office bill was debated, Messrs. Trumbull, Sherman, Morton (of Indiana), Yates, and Fessenden speaking in favor of unconditional repeal.

March 17:

In the Senate, the debate on the Tenure-of-Office bill was continued. Senator Sherman made an effective speech in favor of repeal. Senators Carpenter and Edmunds ably argued on the other side.

March 18:

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Printing to inquire into the expediency of procuring the reports of proceedings in secret session taken down in his journal by the late Senator M'Clay of Pennsylvania.—The debate on the Tenure-of-Office bill was continued. Senator Brownlow argued against repeal.

March 19:

In the Senate, a bill to continue the Educational and Collection Departments of the Freedmen's Bureau was passed.

In the House, the Indian Appropriation bill was passed.

REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

In compliance with the recent Act of Congress the infantry of the army is being consolidated into twenty-five regiments. Each company will have present for duty 1 captain, 1 first-lieutenant, 1 second-lieutenant, and not more than 6 sergeants, 8 corporals, 2 musicians, 2 artificers, 1 wagoner, and 100 privates. In the selection of field-officers General Sherman has regarded the proven merit of officers who distinguished themselves during the war. Thus among the colonels we find the names of S. W. Crawford, G. W. Getty, N. A. Miles, W. B. Hazen, John Gibbon, A. C. Gillem, O. B. Willcox, T. L. Crittenden, T. H. Ruger, George Sykes, George Stoneman, D. S. Stanley, Jeff. C. Davis, and J. A. Mower. Among the Lieutenant-Colonels we find J. H. Potter, A. S. Webb, C. C. Gilbert, L. P. Bradley, A. D. M'Cook, G. P. Buell, H. A. Morrow, August V. Kautz, R. S. Granger, R. B. Ayres, L. C. Hunt, George Crook, and Cuvier Grover.

Lieutenant-General P. H. Sheridan is assigned to the command of the Military Division of the Missouri; Major-General H. W. Halleck to that of the Military Division of the South; Major-General George H. Thomas to that of the Military Division of the Pacific; Major-General J. M. Schofield to the Department of the Missouri; and Brigadier or Brevet Major-General O. O. Howard to the Department of Louisiana.

Among the field-officers retired by the recent order consolidating regiments are Colonels S. P. Heintzelman, Daniel Butterfield, Gordon Granger, Joseph J. Reynolds, Daniel E. Sickles, Wager Swayne, all lately acting as Brigadier or Major-Generals; Lieutenant-Colonels Adam J. Slemmer (of Fort Pickens fame), Alfred Sully, James H. Wilson (the captor of Jeff. Davis), Maurice Maloney, Frederick T. Dent (a brother-in-law of the President), George A. Andrew, and others. Several of these latter have also ranked as Brigadier or Major-Generals of Volunteers. Seven hundred and sixty-four officers of all grades will be retired.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Corporation of Harvard College have nominated Charles W. Eliot, Esq., of the class of 1853, to the vacant Presidency of that institution. Action upon this nomination is postponed until the April meeting. Mr. Eliot is only thirty-five years of age.

A number of rich paintings by Gustave Doré are now lying at the custom-house at this port awaiting the order of M. Doré or his agent for exportation and return to France. These paintings, among them The Gambling Scene at Baden-Baden, Dante, The Spanish Beggars, and Neophyte—a monk-scene—were sent to this country under the impression that they would be admitted for exhibition in the principal cities of the Union without paying duty.

The Captain of the *James Foster, Jun.*, died a few days after the arrival of his ill-fated vessel in this port.

Señor Morales Lemus has arrived in this country fully empowered by President Cespedes as Minister from the Provisional Government of Cuba.

The Fifteenth Amendment has been defeated in the Georgia Senate by a vote to indefinitely postpone it.

The French cable company, through its agent, has bonded five or six acres of land in Duxbury, Massachusetts, one mile south of Cut River, for the purpose of landing their cable. Two or three small buildings will be erected for the accommodation of the operators on the telegraph and placing the patterns and other necessary apparatus.

General Samuel Fessenden, father of Senator W. P. Fessenden, died at Portland on the night of March 19, at the age of 85 years.

Senator Sprague stated in a speech the other day that "of sixty-six members of the Senate forty-five are lawyers, and of the twenty-one remaining five have received a legal education, and most of the few remaining members are governed by lawyers and their teachings."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The draught of the New Spanish Constitution is soon to be submitted to the Cortes. It is said to establish complete civil and religious liberty, while it retains Catholicism as the State religion. Serious disturbances have occurred in Andalusia owing to the opposition to conscription. Several severe conflicts were waged and a large number of lives were lost.

The Emperor Napoleon has bestowed the decoration of the Cross of the Legion of Honor upon Captain Duchesne, of the French mail steamship *Pereire*, as a reward for his skill and indomitable courage in connection with the disaster which lately happened to that vessel. The French citizens of New York have given a banquet in his honor.

Dr. Petermann is preparing to send out a new Polar expedition, which will sail in June.

The waters of the Mediterranean have been successfully admitted into the Bitter Lakes through the Suez Canal.

Celestino Olozaga, a nephew of Don Salustiano Olozaga, late Minister to Paris, was killed in a duel, March 17. He was a member of the Spanish Constitutional Cortes and one of its Secretaries.

The North German Parliament has passed a bill securing freedom of speech in all the Diets of Germany.

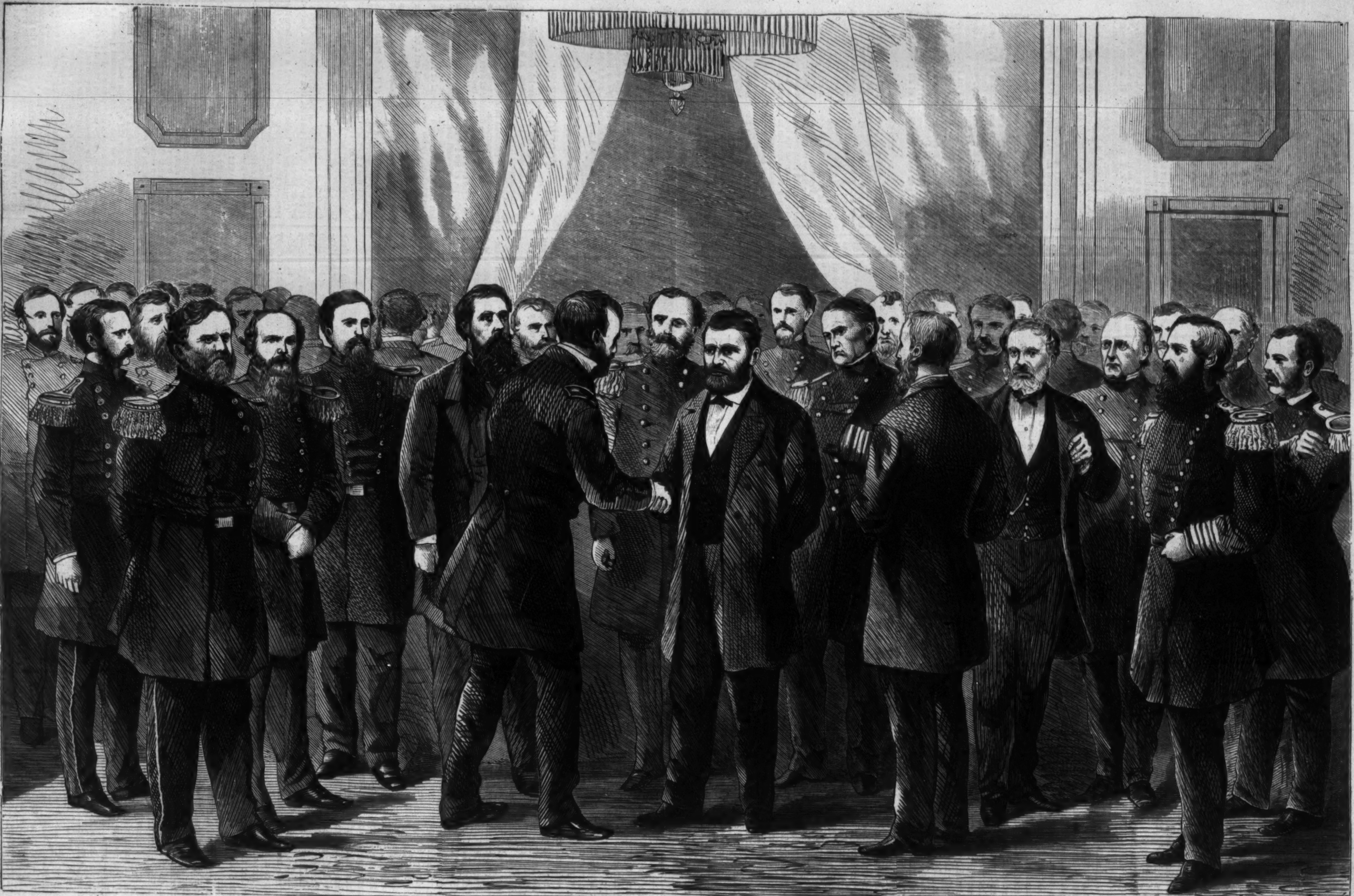
The annual contest for the championship between the Oxford and Cambridge Universities' eight-oared boat crews took place on the afternoon of March 17 at four o'clock, and resulted in a victory for Oxford by four lengths.

Captain-General Dulce has issued a proclamation reducing the taxation on plantations and country real estate fifty per cent., and imposing additional duties on sugar and molasses.

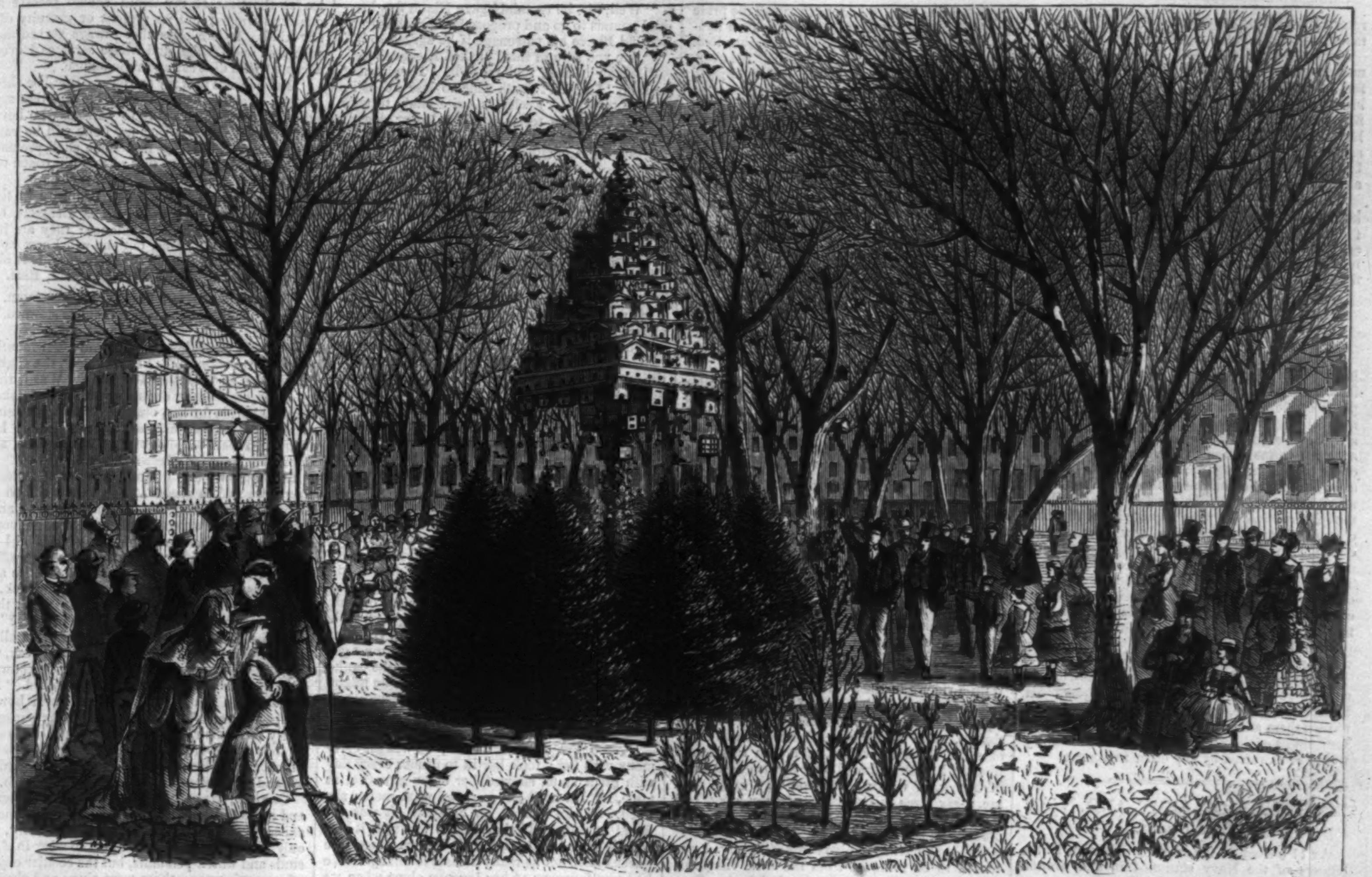
A slight earthquake shock was experienced in Lancashire, England, on March 16.

MARRIAGE OF PRIESTS IN ITALY.

The legality of the marriage of priests has been argued in a remarkable case brought before the Court of Appeal at Naples. The advocate of the priest who was desirous of entering into the marriage state argued that celibacy was in perfect contradiction to the nature of man, to the Scriptures, and to the example of Christ, who selected for his disciples and apostles married men. These words of the advocate were received with shouts of applause and vivas, which were renewed when he went on to say that to moralize society the priests must be moralized, and this could only be accomplished by allowing their marriage. The advocate for the opposite party contended for the old state of things, and protested against any changes which would do violence to the prejudices of the multitude. What would be thought of a man who said mass in the presence of his wife and family? The Attorney-General followed the advocate of the priest in a speech full of eloquence, and distinguished by the most liberal spirit. He said he would infinitely rather hold out his hand to a priest who took his wife to his house than to one who took his concubine. This speech was followed by the wildest demonstrations of applause. The court has declared that the opposition to the priest's marriage is inadmissible, and directs that the ceremony shall be proceeded with according to law.



RECEPTION OF ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 214.]



THE SPARROWS' HOME, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 214.]

FULTON FISH-MARKET.

OTHER cities may boast of finer edifices, under the shelter of which the scaly inhabitants of our coasts and our rivers tempt the appetite of the epicure; but no city in the world can show so great a variety of fish as is daily displayed on the stands in Fulton Market, New York. Especially is this the case during the Lenten season, when a stroll through the avenues of the Market early on a bright spring morning is positively refreshing; the eye is gratified by the elegant outline and color of many of our fishes, and the sense of smell is not offended.

A visitor to the Market at this season will find, offered for sale, halibut, cod, haddock, striped bass, smelt, and shad, just taken from their briny element. Of fresh-water fishes he will be offered white-fish, pickerel, brook-trout, and salmon—this latter, kept by the new process of cold-air

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FISH STANDS IN FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

reservoirs, as fresh, sweet, and delicate as when taken from Canadian streams last summer.

Formerly there appears to have existed some understanding between the shad and St. Patrick, for, on the 17th of March, shad were wont to allow themselves to be caught in the seines of our fishermen; but, for some reason or other, they have latterly declined visiting us until later in the season—those now offered in the Market being brought, for the most part, from North Carolina and the Chesapeake, and a few from Delaware.

The wholesale fish department in Fulton Market is quite an important interest, consisting of fourteen firms, whose combined sales are over $2,000,000 a year, giving employment to a large number of men and sailors connected with 111 fishing-smacks which they own.

THE SPARROWS' HOME.

During the past few years our city and those immediately adjacent have been interested in the introduction of the English sparrow. In the parks of New York, and in the tree-lined avenues of Jersey City and Brooklyn, the superabundance of insects, and particularly the annoyance of worms hanging from the branches and continually dropping upon passengers, became such burdensome nuisances that any means of relief was welcome. This relief was found in the sparrow. A few were imported, but they increased so rapidly that it is now becoming a question in some localities whether they are not likely to become a nuisance themselves. They certainly are preferable to the worms; and our city government has done well, we think, in encouraging the sparrows to take up their permanent abode with us by affording them such pleasant homes as that on Union Square, which we illustrate on page 213.

It may be well to suggest to our readers in this connection that while it is wise to feed these birds in the winter time, it is better in all other seasons to turn them adrift to shift for themselves. The very object of their introduction into this country would be thwarted by any other treatment.

RECEPTION OF ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS.

At 11 o'clock on the morning of March 12 the officers of the Navy stationed in and around Washington assembled at the Navy Department to the number of about 60. They were attired in full uniform, and proceeded in a body to the office of Secretary **Borie**, where they were presented to him by Rear-Admiral **Dahlgren**, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. The Secretary received them in a most cordial manner, and impressed all very favorably by his affable demeanor. The presentation ceremonies lasted but a few moments, and when Secretary **Borie** had shaken hands and exchanged a few general remarks with most of them, the entire party, headed by Secretary **Borie**, went in a body to the Executive Mansion, where they entered the east room and waited a few moments to be presented to the President. President **Grant** presently appeared, accompanied by General **Dent**, and the officers were introduced to the President by Vice-Admiral **Porter**. The President shook hands with each of the officers. Prominent among those present were Vice-Admiral **Porter**, Rear-Admirals **Shubrick**, **Smith**, **Goldsborough**, **Dahlgren**, and others.

While the naval officers were exchanging salutations, the officers of the army, headed by ex-Secretary **Schofield** and General **Sherman**, were announced. General **Sherman** approached the President, and the two shook hands warmly and vigorously. He then introduced the officers in turn. Among the distinguished officers present were Generals **Harney**, **Emory**, **Meigs**, **Terry**, **Hardie**, **Heintzelman**, Adjutant-General **Townsend**, and others. During the interview, the Secretary of War, General **Rawlins**, entered, and was instantly surrounded by the officers, who earnestly congratulated him upon his appointment to the War Office. After a stay of about an hour the interview terminated.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN SORROW.

Of what followed that night of mourning I remember but snatches and brief glimpses. There is nothing more positively torturing to the mind in sorrow than the way in which the mere excitement of grief robs the intellect of all power of perspective, and gives to the smallest, meanest incidents the prominence and force of great events. It is as though the jar given to the nervous system had untuned us for the entire world, and all things come amiss. I am sure, indeed, I know it would have been impossible to have met more gentle and considerate kindness than I now experienced on every hand, and yet I lived in a sort of feverish irritability, as though expecting each moment to have my position questioned, and my right to be there disputed.

In obedience to the custom of the country, it was necessary that the funeral should take place within forty-eight hours after death, and though all the details had been carefully looked to by the Count's orders, certain questions still should be asked of me, and my leave obtained for certain acts.

The small Church of Hunyadi-Naglos was fixed on for the last resting-place. It contained the graves of eight generations of Hunyadis, and to accord a place among them to a stranger and a Protestant was deemed a high honor. Affliction seemed to have developed in me all the pride of my race, for I can recall with what sullen hauteur I heard of this concession, and rather took it as a favor accorded than accepted. An overweening sense of all that my father himself would have thought due to his memory was on me, and I tortured my mind to think that no mark of honor he would have desired should be forgotten. As a soldier, he had right to a soldier's funeral, and a "Honved" battalion, with their band, received orders to be present. For miles around the landed gentry and nobles poured in, with hosts of followers. Next to a death in battle there was no such noble death as in the hunting-field, and the splendid prowess of my father's achievements had won him imperishable honor.

All was conducted as if for the funeral of a magnate of Hungary. The titles and rank of the deceased were proclaimed aloud as we entered the grave-yard, and each whose station entitled him to be thought a friend came forward and kissed the pall as the body was borne in.

One part of the ceremony overcame me altogether. When the third round of musketry had rung out over the grave a solemn pause of half a minute or so was to ensue, then the band was to burst out with the first bars of "God preserve the Emperor!" and while a wild cheer arose, I was to spring into the saddle of my father's horse, which had been led close after the coffin, and to join the cheer. This soldier declaration that death was but a passing terror revolted me to the heart, and I over and over asserted I could not do this. They would not yield, however; they regarded my reasons as childish sentimentality, and half impugned my courage besides. I do not know why I gave in, nor am I sure I ever did yield; but when the heavy smoke of the last round slowly rose over the bier, I felt myself jerked up into the saddle of a horse that plunged wildly and struck out madly in affright. With a rider's instinct I held my seat, and even managed the bounding animal with the hand of a practiced rider. Four fearful bounds I sat unshaken, while the air rang with the hoarse cheer of some thousand voices, and then a sickness like death itself gathered over my heart—a sense of horror, of where I was and why, came over me. My arms fell powerless to my sides, and I rolled from the saddle and fell senseless and stunned to the ground.

Without having received serious injury, I was too ill to be removed from the little village of Naglos, where I was confined to bed for ten days. The doctor remained with me for some days, and came again and again to visit me afterward. The chief care of me, however, devolved on my father's valet, a smart young Swiss, whom I had difficulty in believing not to be English, so perfectly did he speak our language.

I soon saw this fellow was thoroughly conversant with all my father's history, and, whether in his confidence or not, knew every thing that concerned him, and understood his temperament and nature to perfection. There was much adroitness in the way in which he showed me this, without ever shocking my pride or offending my taste by any display of a supposed influence. Of his consummate tact I need give but one—a very slight instance, it is true, but enough to denote the man. He, in addressing me as Sir Digby, remarked how the sound of my newly acquired title seemed to recall my father to my mind at once, and ever after limited himself to saying simply, "Sir," which attracted no attention from me.

Another instance of his address I must record also. I had got my writing-desk on the bed, and was writing to my mother, to whom I had already dispatched two telegraphic messages, but as yet received no reply. "I beg pardon, Sir," said La Grange, entering in his usual noiseless fashion; "but I thought you would like to know that my lady has left Schloss Hunyadi. She took her departure last night for Pesth."

"You mean—?" I faltered, not really knowing what I would say.

"Yes, Sir," said he, thoroughly aware of what was passing in my mind. "She admitted no one, not even the doctor, and started at last with only a few words of adieu in writing for the Countess."

"What impression has this left? How are they speaking of her?" asked I, blurting out against my will what was working within me.

"I believe, Sir," said he, with a very faint smile, "they lay it all to English ways and habits. At least I have heard no other comments than such as would apply to these."

"Be sure that you give rise to no others," said I, sternly.

"Of course not, Sir. It would be highly unbecoming in me to do so."

"And greatly to your disservice besides," added I, severely.

He bowed in acquiescence, and said no more.

"How long have you served my father, La Grange?" asked I.

"About two years, Sir. I succeeded Mr. Nixon, Sir, who often spoke of you."

"Ah, I remember Nixon. What became of him?"

"He set up the Hotel Victoria at Spa, Sir. You know, Sir, that he married, and married very well too?"

"No, I never heard of it," said I, carelessly.

"Yes, Sir; he married Delorme's daughter, la belle Pauline they used to call her at Brussels."

"What! Pauline Delorme?" said I, growing crimson with I know not what feeling.

"Yes, Sir, the same; and she's the size of old Pierre her father already; not but she's handsome still—but such a monster!"

I can not say with what delight I heard of her disfigurement. It was a malice that warmed my heart like some good news.

"It was Sir Roger, Sir, that made the match."

"How could that be? What could he care about it?"

"Well, Sir, he certainly gave Nixon five hundred pounds to go and propose for her, and promised old Pierre his patronage if he agreed to it."

"Are you sure of this?" asked I, eagerly.

"Nixon himself told me, Sir. I remember he said, 'I haven't much time to lose about it, for the tutor, Mr. Eccles, is quite ready to take her, on the same terms, and Sir Roger doesn't care which of us it is.'"

"Nor the lady either, apparently," said I, half credibly.

"Of course not. Pauline was too well brought up for that."

I was not going to discuss this point of ethics with Mr. La Grange, and soon fell off into a vein of reflection over early loves, and what they led to, which took me at last miles away from Pauline Delorme and her fascinations.

I would have liked much to learn what sort of a life my father had led of late: whether he had plunged into habits of dissipation and excess; or whether any feeling of remorse had weighed with him, and that he sorrowed over the misery and the sorrow he had so recklessly shed around him; but I shrunk from questioning a servant on such matters, and merely asked as to his habitual spirits and temper.

"Sir Roger was unlike every other gentleman I ever lived with, Sir," said he. "He was never in high spirits except when he was hard up for money. Put him down in a little country inn to wait for his remittances, and live on a few francs a day till they arrived, and I never saw his equal for good-humor. He'd play with the children; he'd work in the garden. I've seen him harness the donkey, and go off for a load of fire-wood. There's nothing he would not do to oblige, and with a kind word and a smile for every one all the while; but if some morning he'd get up with a dark frown on his face, and say, 'La Grange, get in your bills here and pay them; we must get away from this dog-hole;' I knew well the banker's letter had come, and that whatever he might want it would not be money."

"And had my lady—Madame, I mean—no influence over him?"

"None, Sir, or next to none; he was all ceremony with her; took her in to dinner every day with great state, showed her every attention at table, left her at liberty to spend what money she liked. If she fancied an equipage, it was ordered at once. If she liked a bracelet, it was sent home. As to toilet, I believe there are queens have not as many dresses to change. We had two fourgons of her luggage alone when we came to the Schloss, and she was always saying there was something she was longing for."

"Did not this irritate my father?"

"No, Sir; he would simply say, 'Don't wish, but write for it.' And I verily believe this indifference piqued her—she saw that no sacrifice of money cost him any thing, and this thought wounded her pride."

"So that there was not much happiness between them?"

"There was none, Sir! Something there was that Sir Roger would never consent to, but which she never ceased to insist on; and I often wondered how she could go on to press a man of his dangerous temper as she did, and at times she would do so to the very verge of a provocation. Do you know, Sir," said he, after a short silence, "if I was to be on my oath to-morrow, I'd not say that he was not seeking his death when he met it. I never saw a man so sick of life—he was only puzzled how to lay it down without dishonor."

I motioned him to leave me as he said this, and of my father I never spoke to him more.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE END.

Two telegrams came from my mother. They were little other than repetitions. She had been ill, and was impatient to see me. In the last she added that she would shorten the distance between us by coming to Dublin to meet me. I was to inquire for her at "Elridge's Hotel."

I was no less eager to be with her; but there were many matters of detail which still delayed me. First of all, all my father's papers and effects were at Schloss Hunyadi, and some of these were all-essential to me. On arriving at the Castle, a sealed package addressed Sir Digby Norcott, Bart., in Madame Cleremont's hand, was given me. On opening, I found it contained a bunch of keys, without one word of any kind. It was an unspeakable relief to me to discover that she had not sent me either her condolences or her threats, and I could scarcely reassure myself that we had parted thus easily.

My father's personal luggage might have sufficed for half a dozen people. Not only did he carry about a quantity of clothes that no ordinary life could have required, but that he journeyed with every imaginable kind of weapon, together with saddlery and horse-gear of all fashions and shapes. Fishing-tackle and hunting-spears abounded; and lassos of Mexican make seemed to show that he had intended to have carried his experiences to the great savannas of the West.

From what I had seen of him, I was in no way prepared for the order and regularity in which I found his papers. All that regarded his money-matters was contained in one small oak desk, in which I found a will, a copy of which it was stated was deposited with Norton and Temple, solicitors, Furnival's Inn. The document ran thus:

"I leave whatever I may die possessed of in personal or real property to the wife I have long neglected, in trust for the boy I have done much to corrupt. With time, and in the enjoyment of better fortune, they may learn to forgive me; but, even if they should not, it will little trouble the rest of Roger Norcott.

"I desire that each of my servants in my service at the time of my death should receive a quarter's wages; but no present or gratuity of any kind. It is a class that always served me with fear and dislike, and whose services I ever accepted with distrust and repugnance.

"I also desire that my retriever, 'Spy,' be shot as soon after my death as may be, and that my other dogs be given away to persons who have never known me, and that my heirs will be particular on this head, so that none shall pretend that they inherit this or that of mine in token of friendship or affectionate remembrance.

"There are a few objects of furniture in the care of Salter, the house-agent at Brussels, of which I beg my wife's acceptance; they are intrinsically of little value, but she will know how dearly we have both paid for them. This is all.

"(Signed) Roger Norcott, Bart.

"Witnesses, Joseph Granes, head groom.
"Paul Lanyon, house steward."

This will, which bore for date only four months prior to his death, did not contain any, the slightest allusion to Madame Cleremont. Was it that by some antecedent arrangement he had taken care to provide for her, omitting, through a sense of delicacy to my mother, all mention of her name? This I could not guess at the time, nor did I ever discover afterward.

In a larger desk I found a mass of letters; they were tied in packets, each with a ribbon of different color; they were all in women's handwriting. There were several miniatures on ivory, one of which was of my mother, when a girl of about eighteen. It was exceedingly beautiful, and wore an expression of girlish innocence and frankness positively charming. On the back, in my father's hand, there was—"Why won't they keep this look? Is the fault theirs or ours?"

Of the contents of the box I committed all to the flames except that picture. A third desk, the key of which was appended to his watch, contained a manuscript in his writing, headed "My Cleremont Episode, how it began, and how it can not but end." I own it pushed my curiosity sorely to throw this into the fire without reading it; but I felt it would have been a disloyalty, which, had he lived, he never would have pardoned, and so I restrained myself, and burned it.

One box, strongly strapped with bands of brass, and opening by a lock of most complicated mechanism, was filled with articles of jewelry, not only such trinkets as men affect to wear in shirt-studs and watch-pendants, but the costlier objects of women's wear; there were rings and charms, bracelets of massive make, and necklaces of great value. There was a diamond cross too, at back of which was a locket, with a braid of very beautiful fair hair. This looked as though it had been worn, and if so, how had it come back to him again? by what story of sorrow, perhaps of death?

If a sentiment of honor and loyalty had made me burn all the letters, I had found there was no restraining the exercise of my imagination as to these relics, every one of which I invested with some story. In a secret drawer of this box was a considerable sum in gold, and a letter of credit for a large amount on Escheles, of Vienna, by which it appeared that he had won the chief prize of the Frankfort lottery, in the spring drawing; a piece of fortune which, by a line in his handwriting, I saw he believed was to cost him dearly: "What is to be counterpoise to this luck? An infidelity, or a sudden death? I can't say that either affright me, but I think the last would be less of an insult."

In every relic of him the same tone of mockery prevailed—an insolent contempt for the world—a disdain from which he did not exempt himself—went through all he said or did; and it was plain to see that, no matter how events went with him, he always sufficed for his own unhappiness.

What a relief it was to me to turn from this perpetual scorn to some two or three letters of my dear mother's, written after their separation indeed, but in a spirit of such thorough forgiveness, and with such an honest desire for his welfare, that I only wondered how any heart could have resisted such loving generosity. I really believe nothing so jarred upon him as her humility. Every reference to their inequality of condition seemed to affect him like an insult; and on the back of one of her letters there was written, in pencil, "Does she imagine I ever forget from what I took her; or that the memory is a pleasant one?"

Mr. La Grange's curiosity to learn what amount of money my father had left behind him, and what were the dispositions of his will, pushed my patience very hard indeed. I could not, however, exactly afford to get rid of him, as he had long been intrusted with the payment of tradesmen's bills, and he was in a position to involve me in great difficulty, if so disposed.

At last we set out for England; and never shall I forget the strange effect produced upon me by the deference my new station attracted toward me. It seemed to me but yesterday that I was the companion of poor Hanserl, of the "yard;" and now I had become, as if by magic, one of the favored of the earth. The fame of being rich spreads rapidly, and my reputation on that head lost nothing through any reserve or forbearance of my valet. I was an object of interest, too, as the son of that daring Englishman who had lost his life so heroically. Heaven knows how La Grange had related the tragic incident, nor with what embellishment he had been pleased to adorn it. I can only say that half my days were passed in assuring eager inquirers that I was neither present at the adventure nor wounded in the affray; and all my efforts were directed to proving that I was a most insignificant person, and without the smallest claim to interest on any side.

Arrived in London, I was once more a "personage;" at least, to my family solicitors. My father's will had been already proved, and I was recognized in all form as the heir to his title and fortune. They were eager to know would I restore the family seat at Hexham. The Abbey was an architectural gem that all England was proud of, and I was eagerly entreated not to suffer it to drop into decay and ruin. The representation of the borough—long neglected by my family—only needed an effort to secure; and would I not like the ambition of a parliamentary life? What glimpses of future greatness were shown me! what possible chances of this or that attained that would link me with real rank forever! And all this time I was pining to clasp my mother to my arms; to pour out my whole heart before her, and tell her that I loved a pale Jewish girl, silent and half-sad looking, but whose low soft voice still echoed within my heart; and whose cold hand had left a thrill after its touch that had never ceased to move me.

"Oh, Digby, my own, own darling!" cried she, as she hugged me in her arms, "what a great tall fellow you have grown, and how like—how like him!" and she burst into a torrent of tears, renewed every time that she raised her eyes to my face, and saw how I resembled my father. There seemed an ecstasy in this grief of which she never wearied, and day after day she would sit holding my hand, gazing wistfully at me, and only turning away as her tearful eyes grew dim with weeping. I will not dwell on the days we passed together, full of sorrow they were, but a sorrow so hallowed by affection that we felt an unspeakable calm shed over us.

My great likeness to my father, as she first saw him, made her mind revert to that period, and she never ceased to talk of that time of hope and happiness. Ever ready to ascribe any thing unfavorable in his character to the evil influences of others, she maintained that though occasionally carried away by hot temper and passion, he was not only the soul of honor but had a heart of tenderness and gentleness. Curious to find out what sudden change of mind had led him after years of neglect and forgetfulness to renew his relations with her, by remitting money to her banker, we examined all that we could of his letters and papers to discover a clew to this mystery. Baffled in all our endeavors, we were driven at length to write to the Frankfort banker through whom the letter of credit had come. As we assumed to say that the money should be repaid by us, in this way hoping to trace the history of the incident, we received for answer, that though bound strictly to secrecy at the time, events had since occurred which in a measure removed that obligation. The advance, he declared, came from the house of Hodnig and Oppovich, Fiume, who having failed since that time, there was no longer the same necessity for reserve. "It is only this morning," he added, "that we have received news of the death of Herr Ignaz Oppovich, the last of this once opulent firm now reduced to utter ruin."

My mother and I gazed on each other in silence as we read these words, when at length she threw her arms around me and said, "Let us go to her, Digby; let us set out this very day."

Two days after we were on the Rhine. I was seated with my mother on the deck of a river steamer, when I was startled to hear a voice utter my name. The speaker was a burly stout man of middle age, who walked the deck with a companion to whom he talked in a loud tone.

"I tell you, Sir," said he, "that boy of Norcott's, what between those new coal-fields and the Hexham property, can't have less than ten thousand a year."

"And he's going to marry a rich Austrian Jewess they say," replied the other, "as if his own fortune was not enough for him."

"He'll marry her, and desert her just as his father did."

I have but to say that I accomplished one part of this prediction, and hope never to fulfill the other.

REVOLT OF CONVICTS AT SING SING.

THE quiet little village of Sing Sing, on the Hudson, was, on the 18th of March, thrown into a fever of excitement by the startling intelligence of desperate and murderous revolts among the convicts of the State Prison. The first of these occurred between three and four o'clock in the morning. At about that time Mr. FORREST, one of the night-keepers, went to the cells in one of the corridors, and released five convicts, whose duty it was to descend to the cook-room and prepare breakfast for the inmates of the prison. As the convicts stepped from their cells Mr. FORREST passed to the office, where he left the keys, and took another key which opened the chapel. When he reached the door of the latter place, O'THIEL, one of the convicts, drew Mr. FORREST's attention to a corpse in the chapel, and as they were moving away the keeper was seized, gagged, and bound.

After FORREST had been secured they stood him opposite the guard-post at a window, and then went to the cook-room, where they found another keeper, named EDWARD CRAFT, whom they also gagged, leaving him lying on his face. He was found dead where they left him, having probably died from strangulation. Having freed themselves, the convicts, five in number, made good their escape.

A little after noon three other convicts overcame the guard, got possession of some carbines, and sallied forth toward the sloop *Exchange*, of Newburg, a vessel then lying at the wharf, and laden with lumber. In the mean time they had been joined by four others, and all being armed, they ordered the captain and all hands on the lumber sloop ashore. This order having been obeyed, the convicts rushed on board and attempted to get the vessel under way. She was, however, securely anchored, a fact which was unknown to them. But they cut the ropes. When the news of the second revolt reached head-quarters, a reinforcement of guards arrived.

The convicts, seeing the guards coming, began firing upon them from the muskets and carbines which they had seized at the guard-house. The guards returned the fire rapidly, and altogether about twenty-five shots were fired, when the captain of the *Exchange*, seeing that one of the convict's was out of ammunition, walked up and seized the villain's musket, and clubbed him down.

At this juncture hundreds of men from Sing Sing village, armed with almost every kind of weapon, arrived on the spot, and the rebellious convicts, seeing there was no chance for escape, quietly submitted.

The two ringleaders—M'CAULEY and ALLEN—were wounded in this encounter, the former, it was supposed, mortally, and the latter dangerously. Before night two of the convicts who had escaped in the morning were recaptured.

It is a fact worth noting that there are but thirty keepers in the prison to guard 1338 men and 139 women. The number is limited to that amount by a law which was passed when the prison contained but 600 convicts. But one other keeper besides CRAFT has been killed since the occupation of the prison.

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP RACE.

SOME interest has been felt in the fact of the Cunard Royal mail-steamer *Russia*, Captain T. COOK, and the Inman Royal mail-steamer *City of Paris*, Captain KENNEDY, both iron screw-steamers, and the finest commercial vessels afloat, having left New York on the same day, and within about an hour of each other, and arriving at Liverpool, the one but 35 minutes after the other, early on the morning of February 19, having made the run across the Atlantic, with the 20 minutes stoppage at Queenstown, in eight days and about eighteen hours. We give an illustration of the way in which the two ships kept pace together during the first four days. The logs show that at Queenstown the *City of Paris* had gained 42 minutes on the *Russia*, but that coming up the Channel the *Russia* recovered her lost ground. The *City of Paris*, which had started first, got in at 3.45 A.M. on the 20th, and the *Russia* at 4.20. It is claimed on behalf of the *City of Paris* that the stay at New York was so brief in consequence of her having to take the place of her disabled consort, the *City of Baltimore*, there was no time to clean her boilers and to trim her properly. On the other hand, it is claimed for the *Russia* that she was deeply laden, and that her bottom had not been cleaned for several voyages. On the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th the vessels were in company. On the 13th, by the *Russia's* log, she passed the *City of Paris*; and, though the fact is not logged, it is stated by passengers that the *Russia* had afterward to stop her engines for an hour and a half in order to remove the cover of the air-pump, and to renew the India rubber of a valve.

It is not permitted by either Company to run any risks in racing; and, though every art of seamanship was no doubt exercised on board both steamers, the pressure of steam was not increased beyond the ordinary limit. The *Russia* was built in 1867 by Messrs. J. and G. THOMSON, of Glasgow. Her dimensions are: length, 370 feet over all; beam, 43 feet; depth of hold, 24 feet; tonnage, 3100, builders' measurement. Her engine cylinders are 86 inches diameter, and the piston-stroke is 3 feet 10 inches. The *City of Paris* was built by Messrs. TOD & MACGREGOR, of Glasgow, in 1866. Her length over all is 365 feet; beam, 40 feet 4 inches; depth of hold, 26 feet 2 inches; tonnage, 2875, builders' measurement; diameter of cylinder, 89 inches; length of piston-stroke, 3 feet 6 inches.

A MARINE CANDLE.

THERE is found on the coasts of British Columbia, Russian America, and Vancouver's Island, a little fish not larger than a smelt, clad in glittering armor, which is fat almost beyond conception. It is popularly known as the candle-fish, but its scientific name is *Salmo Pacificus*. Mr. Lord has carefully studied the habits and manners of this fish, and the uses to which it may be applied. Living with the Indians, he joined their excursions against the candle-fish, which, sporting in the moonlight on the surface, gave to the waters the resemblance of a vast sheet of pearly waves. To catch them, the Indians use a monster comb or rake six or eight feet long, composed of a piece of pine-wood, with teeth made of bone, if sharp-pointed nails are not to be procured. The canoe being paddled by one Indian close to the shoal, the other sweeps the rake through the mass, and brings it to the surface, teeth upward, with usually one, and often three or four, fish impaled on each tooth. By the repetition of this process many canoes are soon filled. The cargoes being landed, the further charge devolves upon the squaws, who have to do the curing, drying, and oil-making. They do not gut or in any way clean the fish, but simply pass long smooth sticks through their eyes, skewering on each stick as many as it will hold, and then lashing another piece transversely at the ends to prevent them from slipping off the skewer. The fish are then dried and smoked by being suspended in the thick atmosphere at the top of the sheds, and this smoke is sufficient to preserve them fresh without salting—a process which the Indians never apply to fish. When dry they are carefully packed in cases of bark, or rushes, and are stowed away out of the reach of children or dogs till winter. "I have never," says Mr. Lord, "seen any fish half as fat and as good for Arctic winter food as these little candle-fish. It is next to impossible to broil or fry them, for they melt completely into oil." They are so marvelously fat that the natives use them as lamps for lighting their lodges. For this purpose the dried fish is perforated from head to tail by a piece of rush-pith by means of a long needle made of hard wood. The wick is then lighted, and the fish burns steadily, with a sufficiently good light to read by. The candlestick is a bit of wood split at one end, with the fish inserted in the cleft.

When by heat and pressure these little fishes are transformed into a liquid oil, and the Indian drinks them instead of burning them, he supplies his own body with a highly carbonaceous fuel, which is burned slowly in his lungs and keeps up his animal heat. Without a full supply of some such food he would perish in the cold of a long Northern winter.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ASSOCIATIONS have recently been formed in certain neighborhoods in England to protect society against the incursions of beggars. The residents of many towns and villages in the vicinity of London have been overwhelmed by the alarming increase of "tramps" and beggars from the great metropolis. The custom of giving "only a penny," generally for the sole purpose of getting rid of importunity, has so encouraged impostors that the most vigorous measures have been found needful. At Blackheath, for example, the "Mendicity Society" supplies tickets to every house in the neighborhood; one of these is given to the beggar, by which he has the right to apply to the officer of the society, at his rooms. If the ticket is presented, the officer investigates the case, and makes arrangements for the relief of the applicant, if deserving. Nothing but tickets is given by private individuals; but when, as is often asserted, the beggar is on the point of starvation, he will be supplied with a piece of bread, to be eaten under the eye of the officer. This method is rapidly reducing the number of professional mendicants.

The Denver City *Herald*, despairing of furnishing news items of such a nature as to satisfy the various tastes of its readers, has introduced a novel feature into its columns. This consists in leaving a blank space in the paper, headed with the request that the hypercritical fill it up themselves, on any special subject they think has been neglected. This reminds us of the odd device of a certain merchant, who, beneath a blank square in a popular newspaper, inserted the following: "The above space was secured last week by Messrs. Smith & Co. for advertising their goods; but their business has increased so rapidly since that they have as much as they can do, and therefore it is no object to them to advertise."

The French people propose to honor the genius and character of Lamartine by erecting a statue in front of the Hôtel de Ville, where he bade the populace discard the red flag and take the tri-color for their standard. The proposed site is both historic and picturesque.

A very attractive window to the Fifth Avenue promenaders is Goupil's, corner of Twenty-second Street. One can not spend a leisure hour more pleasantly than in an examination of the works of art within the building. The walls of the sales-room are covered with fine engravings, colored lithographs, chromos, etc., but the choicest pictures are in the elegant gallery up stairs. This room, which is handsomely frescoed and well lighted, contains paintings by some of our best artists, and every one will feel amply repaid in visiting it.

An association has been formed by a number of benevolent ladies in this city for the purpose of giving relief to suffering strangers, without regard to nationality or creed. The "Sisters of the Strangers," as they are called, will endeavor to supply the sick with food and medicine when necessary, and to obtain for any, especially of their own sex, needful medical, legal, or spiritual advice. Ladies may become members of this society by the payment of one dollar a month; and donations are solicited from all who are interested in the object.

One of the coolest cases of suicide on record lately occurred in Cincinnati. The gentleman who contemplated the act, fearing the newspapers might make some errors in their notices, sent in advance to each of the prominent ones a sketch of his life and death.

They have a *novel* way of classifying novels in France. A lady entering a circulating library asks for a novel. "I don't know how to tell you exactly the kind I want," she says. "Oh, I think we shall be able to suit you," is the reply. "I mean something lively," explains the intending reader; "the sort of book that would not be precisely suitable for the library of a young girl." "Marie," cries the keeper of the book-shop to her assistant, "novel for a woman of thirty-five."

A high authority announces that the fashionable expression of the mouth during the next season is to be that of weariness and scorn! Of course this is for *ladies*—fashions for gentlemen not out yet! Lips will be worn pale—coral coloring is quite *passé*. Elbows worn square, and brought forward as much as possible to make the chest look hollow. Cheeks to be tinged with a hectic flush. Blue eyes and fair hair still considered indispensable.

A well-deserved honor has been conferred upon Miss Eliza Van Lew, in her appointment as Postmistress of Richmond, Virginia. She was a resident of Richmond when the rebellion broke out, and being thoroughly loyal at heart she found many ways of tendering aid and hospitality to the Union soldiers, especially to the prisoners. Many are indebted to her for substantial assistance and kindly sympathy during tedious periods of illness and confinement.

Are there any limits to the patience of a long-suffering public? The community are in some cases imposed on to such an extent that it is a wonder somebody does not rise in rebellion. Theoretically, the sidewalks are *for* pedestrians to walk upon; practically, they are *not*. Private individuals pull up the flagging with impunity, and render the walk utterly impassable, for their personal convenience in building operations. In some of the cross-streets, up town, the sidewalks are useless to pedestrians, and they are obliged to take the street instead.

Garibaldi is said to have written a novel, the object of which is to exhibit the corruption of the Roman priesthood.

King Victor Emanuel has directed that the exploration of Herculaneum, suspended forty years ago, shall be vigorously resumed at his own personal expense.

The Cuban revolution will undoubtedly cause sugars to be higher in price for some time to come; and it is probable that the cultivation of the sugar-beet in the United States, and the manufacture of sugar from it, will now be fairly tested. Tennessee is believed to be well adapted to this work; and the establishment of a large manufactory near Knoxville is already projected. France and Germany have for years engaged somewhat extensively in the manufacture of sugar from the beet. All the refuse of a sugar-beet factory can be utilized as food for cattle and fertilizers for the ground.

The mother of M. Alexandre Dumas, Jun., is dead. She expired at Neuilly, in the cottage, Avenue d'Orleans, with which her son provided her when he became independent. She is represented to have been a woman of unusual sprightliness and inexhaustible vivacity; and her conversation was attractive from its piquancy and originality. She was 29 years of age and a seamstress when the acquaintance between herself and Alexandre Dumas, Sen., began.

New Orleans was mystified lately when, after a couple of "high social position" had been married in one of the city churches, the husband coolly informed his wife that they must part at the altar, and that she would never see him again. The bride fainted; the bridegroom walked unconcernedly away.

In Ohio a singular breach of promise case has been attracting attention. A physician, aged forty-seven, won the affections of a Miss Ferguson, aged twenty-six, and tendered to her his heart and hand. Matters were all settled, when suddenly the gentleman learned that the lady was of African descent, and he refused to fulfill his promise. A suit followed; doctors disagreed as to the symptoms of African blood exhibited by the young woman; and finally the unfortunate defendant was made to pay ten thousand dollars damages.

A Chicago journal gives the following unique advice: Young lady, don't gush. A gushing woman don't wear. It is hard work, too, gushing is; to be always ready with a mouthful of compliments for all you meet, or with "charming, superb, divine, delicious, adorable" for all you see, is apt to tire both the gushist and the gushee. Be natural and charming. Be any thing you please—only don't gush.

A music-seller was lately overpowered by a fastidious young lady, who wanted to purchase "Mr. Hood's song of a gentleman's under-garment."

A traveler out West declares that when in Lansing he went to a barber's shop to be shaved, where he found a young, intelligent-looking miss, who announced herself as "the barber." "Indeed!" was the response; "well, if *you* are the barber, I certainly wish to be shaved." The traveler placed himself in position, and the fair operator went gracefully through all the usual preliminaries, and completed a first-class shave in prompt time and in a dextrous manner. Said traveler declares he liked it, and congratulates the country on the discovery of a new avenue for the industry of woman.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

JAMES OLIPHANT, minister of Dumbarton, had a curious habit of making running comments, in a low tone of voice, as he read the Scriptures. Hence, as he never cured himself of the practice, those seats nearest the pulpit were the most highly prized. Here are two samples of his "pulpit notes:"

Reading of the swine rushing into the sea, he muttered, "Oh, that the devil had been choked, too!" Reading Peter's remark, "We have left all and followed thee," he said, "Aye boastin', Peter, aye braggin'; what had ye to leave but an old crazy boat, and may be twa or three rotten nets?"

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

Lord Lovel he called for his milk-white steed,
And he rode away to the fair,
And a maiden he found who was sore in need,
A maiden with golden hair.

So soon as the lady Lord Lovel espied,
She went for him then and there;
"Now give of thy gold, Lord Lovel," she cried,
"Thy reward be the orphan's prayer."

"I will give thee the gold—not for orphan's prayer,
For of that I take no heed:
But for a curl of thy golden hair,
If it is thine indeed."

"It surely is mine," the damsel said,
"Lord Lovel, I truly swear."
So it was—but it didn't grow on her head;
The hair-dresser placed it there.

Lord Lovel gave gold for that lovely curl,
Much more than he could tell;
And the maiden's smile showed her teeth of pearl,
As she said, "I have sold him well."

Two physicians in consultation at the bedside of a patient disputed as to the nature of the disease. At last one of them ended the discussion by saying, "Very well! have it your own way now, but the *post-mortem* will show that I am right." The patient was not much encouraged.

A French doctor has discovered that a wasp-sting will cure rheumatism. Now what will cure the sting?

"Ah!" said a Sunday-school teacher, "Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your good father and mother?" "I suppose, mum," said Caroline, "I suppose as I should ha' been a horphan."

The navy of the Sandwich Islands, it is said, consists of two fishing smacks and a raft—the former mounted with twelve marines, and the latter with a hen-coop.

An old lady who recently visited Oneida, was asked on her return if the canal passed through that village. She paused a while and answered, "I guess not—I didn't see it; and if it did, it must have gone through in the night, when I was asleep."

A gentleman, giving a lecture to some boys, was explaining how no one could live without air. He then said, "You have all heard of a man drowning—how does that happen?" The ready answer was, "'Cause he can't swim."

A YANKEE LOVE "POME."

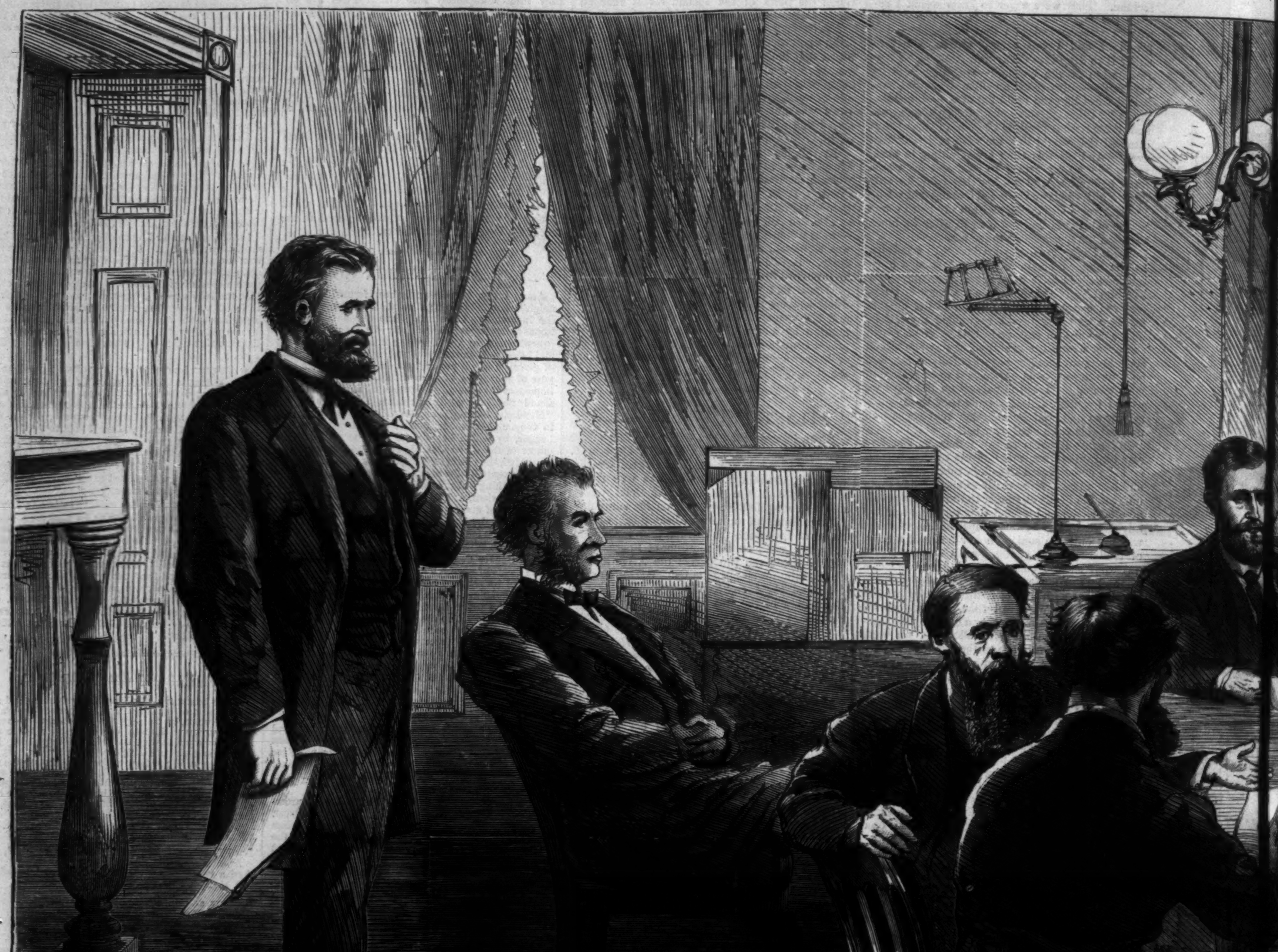
I luv tew court in wintur
The mani girls I no,
When all around is dreary,
And kivered up with sno;
Becaws the old uns dred
The cold and stormy wether,
And hurry oph tew bed,
Leaving us tewgether.

Josh Billings says: "I am violently opposed tew ardent speerits as a bevridge, but for manufac'urin' purposes I think a lit-le of it tastes good."

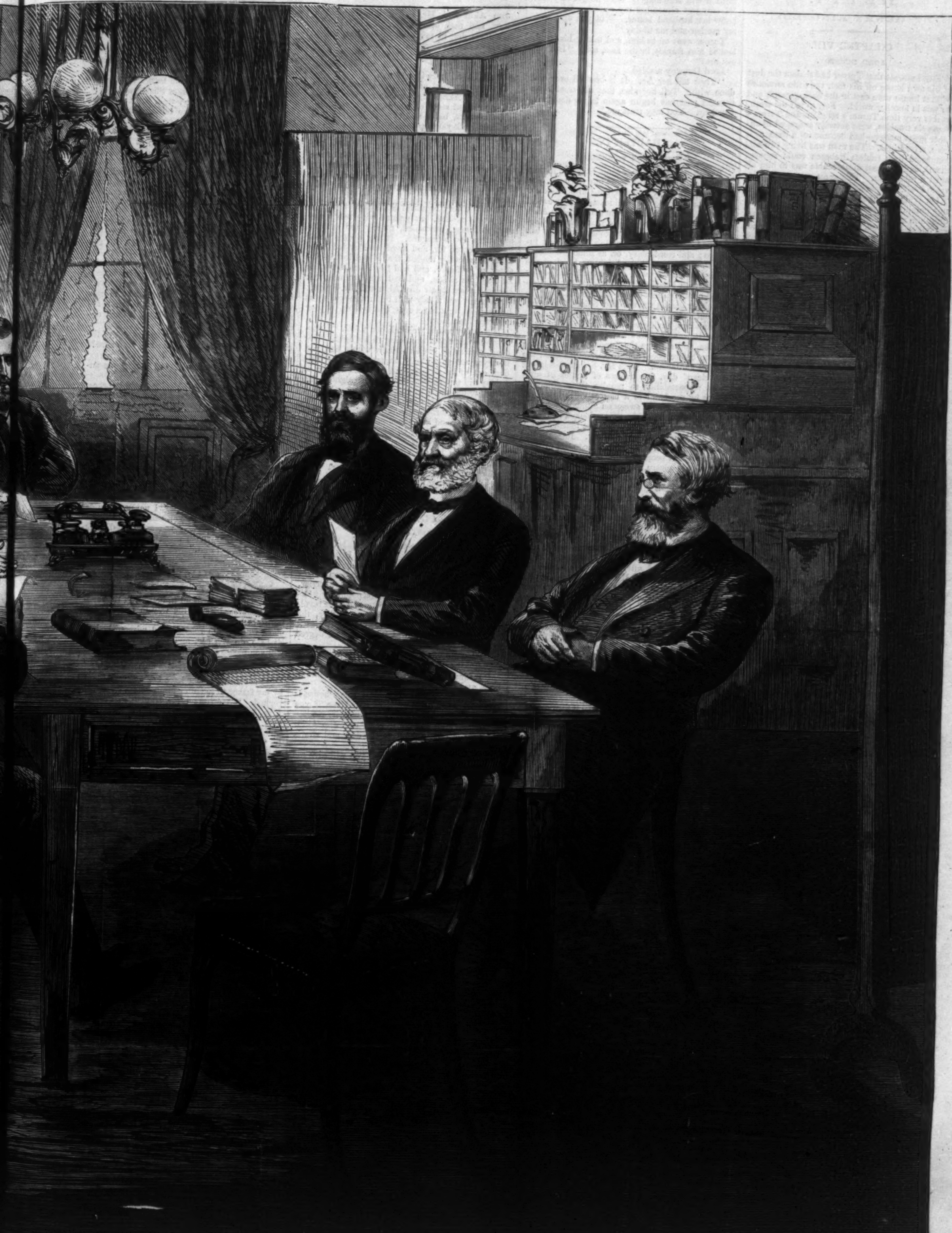
Salads, like the heads of ladies, need a good deal of dressing.

Why is a prudent man like a pin?—Because his head prevents him going too far.

REVOLTING FEROCITY.—"You ought always to take me out with you, my dear," said a wife. "You know they say that happiness was born a twin." "Yes, love; but not a Siamese twin," said the brute.


Jacob D. Cox.
Hamilton Fish.
John A. Rawlins.
John A. J. Cresswell.
President G

PRESIDENT GRANT'S CABINET IN SESSIO



George S. Boutwell. Adolph E. Borie. Ebenezer R. Hoar.

SION.—[Drawn by W. S. L. Jewett.]

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER VIII.

LORD DUCETOY.

The moment that Turner had shaken the dust of his own house off his feet, the little anxieties of that house were cast in the back-ground, and he was in another world. For, to tell the truth, at this very time Turner's religion, and Turner's domestic troubles, were actually swamped in another great matter—had become for a time, as it were, relaxations. The man was living two disconnected lives (unless Rebecca could connect them), and the least disagreeable was to him almost a relaxation. This great matter shall develop itself.

On Walham Green he caught the white Putney omnibus as usual; but not as usual did it drop him at the bottom of Chancery Lane. He got out at Arlington Street, Piccadilly, and made his way quickly to a private house in Duke Street, St. James.

“Is Lord Ducetoy up?” he asked of the quiet-looking servant in black who came to the door.

Lord Ducetoy was up, had finished breakfast, and was ready for Mr. Turner. He was shown up stairs into Lord Ducetoy's presence, and he looked on him with very great curiosity.

A handsome, well-made young man enough, light in hair, blonde in mustache, with the deep brown of the Western prairies still on his face; standing with his back against the chimney-piece, and lovingly wiping a gun with his handkerchief.

“How d'ye do, my dear Mr. Turner?” said Lord Ducetoy. “Thanks for coming so promptly, for I am in trouble.”

“In trouble, my lord?” said Turner, very seriously. “Please tell me how.”

“Well, it seems that I have not got any money.”

“Your lordship has plenty of money. I can let your lordship have a thousand pounds at this moment.”

“Then I wish you would. I wrote a check for a hundred pounds on my uncle, Sir Gorham Philpott, yesterday, and they have cashed it certainly. But they have written to me to say, as there is only £37 10s. in their hands, they request, either that more money may be paid in, or that our account may be closed.”

“Oh, that is their move, is it?” said Mr. Turner.

“That is their move, my dear Mr. Turner,” said Lord Ducetoy. “Rather a disagreeable one for me. You must know, as my uncle's old man of business, that I never expected to come into this earldom and this money. My uncle's death was utterly unexpected; my cousin's death at Madeira equally so. I was hammering about in Canada, trying to invest a certain thousand pounds I had so as to bring me in a living, when I suddenly found myself an earl, with a considerable income. Coming home, I find my check nearly dishonored, at my own uncle's, for one hundred pounds. I am a quiet fellow, but must live. I should be glad of some money.”

“There is plenty of money,” said Turner.

“I should like to see some of it,” said Lord Ducetoy.

Turner sat musing and looking at Lord Ducetoy for some little time. At last he said:

“I suppose you know that your estates are rather heavily mortgaged?”

“I have heard as much.”

“And that the mortgages are held by Sir Gorham Philpott & Co.?”

Lord Ducetoy had not heard that.

“Do you know that Sir Gorham Philpott & Co. are now Sir Gorham Philpott & Co., Limited?”

Lord Ducetoy laughed, and said “that he was not aware of the fact; but that their ideas of credit were certainly limited.”

“They are, my lord,” said Turner. “For limited liability is only another name for unlimited irresponsibility. Do you know nothing of the family jewels, of the family papers?”

“I know that there are great jewels, and cash, and papers. I suppose they are at the banker's.”

“My lord, they are nothing of the kind. They are at my house. My lord, the limited bank, long really bankrupt, which has been trading under the name, once respectable, of Sir Gorham Philpott, holds the mortgages on your estates, about the only asset they have. It has not seemed to me expedient to break with them, and bank with another house, lest they should inconveniently foreclose. But I have kept all out of their hands that I could. I, as executor under your uncle's will, have received the plate, the jewels, the deeds, under my own roof; and the responsibility of them is turning me gray.”

“Could we not send them to Child's, or to Drummond's?”

“My lord, we owe Philpott's money—a great deal, I doubt.”

“Can we pay it?”

“Yes, we can pay it. But their name is—and when the smash comes, we must take our chance with the others. I don't want our jewels and plate to be put into their bankruptcy.”

“Then keep them where they are,” said Lord Ducetoy. “I can trust you.” And he whistled as he rubbed his gun, and said, laughing: “Well, I suppose now I have got money, I shall never be happy again. There is one thing I wish to say, in our prairie way, Mr. Turner. My mother says, that I can trust you through thick and thin; and so I mean to, for *she* never was wrong in her life. So if you find it possible, I should like to make our relations as friendly as possible. There is, by-the-way, a touch of New England in that, because I can't do without you. I don't mean that we are to rush into one another's arms, but if we try we may get friendly in time, I don't think it will take long.” Here he got very red. “I only just remember my cousin. I hope to know her husband better. Will you dine with my mother and me to-day?”

Turner went up to him, and taking his hand, looked him frankly in the face, said, “Did she ask me?”

Lord Ducetoy nodded.

“Then tell her *No.* It is best all over and done with. Tell her also, that the trouble we thought past has begun again in my daughter. Good-by. You may trust me.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE SKYE TERRIER.

Rebecca's good-humor came back the instant she was outside the garden and into the lane. She had tempted Carry to come, but Carry wouldn't. “You had better come,” said Rebecca, “we shall have some amusement. I am going to Jim Akin about a dog, and it will be very pleasant.” Carry would have liked to have gone very much, but she had said that she wouldn't in the first instance; and consistency, or, as some low people call it, obstinacy, is the brightest jewel in the British female's crown; so she declined to enjoy herself with her sister: and visited her self-imposed querulousness on the little maid.

Neither Jim Akin nor Mr. Spicer the sweep was out. With Akin it was always a slack day on Mondays, having worked Chelsea, principally Jews Row and Turks Row, with periwinkles, whelks, and shrimps the Sunday afternoon, and resting before going out to buy stock from the market gardeners. With Mr. Spicer also it was a “clean” day, few owners of houses of sufficient respectability to require their chimneys swept by the hand of a master caring to make preparations for the sweep on Sunday night.

Very respectable Mr. Spicer looked in his off-duty clothes, comically unlike the hideous fiend-like figure he was when on duty. Rebecca had the advantage of the respectful counsel of these two excellent people on this occasion.

“If you please, Mr. Akin and Mr. Spicer,” she said, after the usual salutation, “I want to get a dog; pa is going to let me keep a dog.”

They were both deeply interested at once. Mr. Akin, being professionally more accustomed to conversation, dashed into the subject at once.

“Warmint or general, Miss?”

“I don't quite understand,” said Rebecca; and so Mr. Spicer, a sententious man, much looked up to in the Row, leaned against the fence and defined, after the Aristotelian method:

“A warmint dog, Miss, as his name implies, is a dog as is kept for the killing of warmint. Now there's a many kinds of 'em: bull-dog, bull terrier, fox terrier, black-and-tan terrier, toy, dandy, and Skye. Similarly there's varieties in the nature of warmint, as badger, pole-cat, weasel, and rat. Of badgers there is country badgers and old hands. Of pole-cats there is wild and tame. Of rats, why there's as much difference in rats, lor' bless you, as what there is in Christians. I've seen big rats as a new-born kitten could kill; and contrariwise, one of my young men went to enter a well-bred year-old toy with an old rat, and I am blessed if the dog didn't cut and run for his life, howling round the lanes, and the rat after him.”

“I seen it,” said Jim Akin.

“But I don't want a dog to kill any thing,” said Rebecca.

“Miss wants a general dog, I expect, miller,” said Jim Akin, to the master chimney-sweep. “Tip her some of your advice now.”

“General dogs, Miss,” said the miller, complacently, “is, like warmint dogs, various; and I never seen none that was much count, takin' into consideration what dogs was made for. Still Providence made 'em, and the fancy gives prizes for 'em, similarly as they do for fantails and pouters, and other rubbish that were only created for showing and dealing. If I had my will, Miss, there should be no prizes for any pigeons except carriers, and none for any dogs except real warmint.”

“Greyhounds,” murmured Jim Akin.

“And you may add pointers and setters,” said Mr. Spicer; “but they're gentry dogs. When you are a gentleman with a moor in the 'ilands, talk about 'em; not now.”

“Miss wouldn't want a fighting dog?” suggested Jim Akin, accepting the rebuke.

“Do she look like it, neighbor?” said Mr. Spicer, almost severely.

“A fighting dog ain't half a bad thing to mind a young lady, if she wanted to go a walking far by herself,” said Jim Akin, not to be entirely driven from this point.

Mr. Spicer was very fond of his neighbor, but he had to ignore him, he was getting low.

“With regard to general dogs, Miss, which were your views?”

“Well,” said Rebecca, “I should like a dog which would bark if it heard a noise, and a dog I should be fond of. I think I should like a little dog the best. I think I should like a little hairy dog, like the Queen's in the picture, you know, which is begging to the Macaw for its biscuit; if it did not cost too much.”

I know nothing of the private life of Mr. Spicer or Mr. Akin; when I am thrown against gentlemen in that particular circle of society, I ask few questions. If any of ourselves had no education, and associated with, bought and sold with, ay, and intermarried with the criminal classes, should we look on the lighter crimes with the same detestation we do now? A man whose wife's brother has been transported, and yet who gets treated as a respectable and trust-worthy person by the district inspector, seems to me to be in his way meritorious. If a little stray dog follows him home, or if a strange pigeon come into his trap, why, he is possibly not so chivalrously particular as you or I should be; when you get to the very verge of the criminal class you must make allowances.

Jim Akin and Mr. Spicer interchanged a glance, and then Jim Akin spoke. “I have got a little dog in my back-yard, Miss, which you might care to look at.”

“Undeniable character,” said Mr. Spicer. “Never 'tized, but character un-de-niable, against all the Pleece in creation.”

Rebecca assented at once, and they went in through Jim Akin's close-smelling house, which had a mingled scent of washing, dirt, children, cabbage-stalks, baby, and cheese; and out into the little back-yard, separated from the neighbors' back-yards by a low, broken paling. There was no vegetation in it, except, at the farther corner, an elder-tree. And at the foot of the elder-tree there was an American flour-barrel, and at the entrance of the flour-barrel sat a little, tiny, innocent dog, chained up, and looking very unhappy.

It was a very beautiful little Skye terrier, a dog worth money, but grimed with ashes and soot, unkempt, unwashed, utterly and entirely miserable and wobegone. It was a dog which had been cared for, and loved, and tended in its time, so carefully tended, that it had lost its instinct of self-care, and had lost its mistress, or let itself be stolen, and had come to this. It cowered when it saw Jim Akin and Mr. Spicer; but when it saw a lady with them it looked up at her with its light hazel eyes, and held up its poor innocent little paw.

Her father might well call her a fool. I suppose she was a fool according to his light. Her heart seemed to swell suddenly within her, and her eyes not all unready for tears, for the little dog, out of its misery, had appealed to her as Friday did to Crusoe. She went straight to the barrel, undid the dog, and took it to her bosom.

“I will buy this dog of you, Mr. Akin,” she said, without turning round. “My father will pay for it. Send in a moderate price to him, or he will not let me have it. I will pay the difference. I will have this dog.”

“Will you let me give you the little dog?” said a voice, close at her elbow.

She turned quickly round. It was Mr. Morley, the dissenting minister, who stood close beside her.

CHAPTER X.

MR. MORLEY.

Nobody likes to be caught suddenly in a sentimental mood. Every true-born Briton hates it almost as much as he hates being caught in (respectable) sin. Rebecca had just been caught in a sentimental mood over a grimy Skye terrier, in company with a chimney-sweep and a costermonger, by a dissenting minister. In the revulsion brought on by a nearly strange face, the situation, instead of being really beautiful, as it was one minute ago, was in the highest degree ridiculous—as she thought.

“How did you come here, Mr. Morley?” she asked. “I am surprised.”

“I came to see you, and I saw you come in here, and I followed you.”

“I am much obliged. My father's house is over the way. I think you asked me if you might pay for this dog? My answer is, No.”

“There ain't nothing to pay,” said Jim Akin. “Miss has took a fancy to the dog, and she is welcome to her.”

“Do you mean to say that you will give me the dog as a present?”

“Certainly, Miss; and will swear to her agin all Christendom.”

“I'll take it, Jim Akin,” she said. “And I'll never pay one farthing for it, except in good-will. If I don't pay you in cash, I will pay you in kind. Let me give you one more chance—I will give you a five-pound note for this dog; I will go across the street and get it now.”

“Won't take it, Miss. I'll take it out in good-will. The mistake as you gentry makes,” continued Jim Akin, speaking sententiously, and looking at Mr. Morley, who certainly looked like a gentleman, “is this: You thinks we're for cash, and all cash; and it ain't so. *I've* got as much money as I want. You gentlemen as studies has got good words. Why can't you give us some of your good words now and again, in a friendly way, the same as I give she the little dog?”

“Well,” said Rebecca, turning homeward with her new treasure in her arms, “all I can say is, that you shall always have good words from me; and so good-by. Mr. Morley, I have just been so cross with you. I am afraid you must think me very silly.”

“On what grounds?”

“On the grounds of being very nearly crying for pity over a poor lonely little dog. If your life were as lonely as mine—”

“What then?” said Mr. Morley, as they crossed the street.

“Why then, I fancy, I may be wrong, but I *do* fancy that you are the sort of person who would be just as likely to make a goose of yourself over such a matter as me.”

“That is not grammar, you know, as it stands,” said Mr. Morley.

“Then let it be grammar as it sits,” said Rebecca. “You know what I mean.”

“I am afraid I do; and what is more and worse, I am afraid it is true.”

“Then you *do* sometimes make a goose of yourself?”

“Have I not come to see you?”

“That is true enough. Talking of geese, what is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning water-fowl?”

“That a minister of the gospel had better mind his own business, and not come to visit houses where common stage-plays are read habitually.”

“Only one single number of *Knight's Illustrated*, I give you my honor,” said Rebecca. “*You* have read it, you know; at least, you seem pretty familiar with it. Did you *really* come to see me?”

“I did, indeed.”

“I have leave to walk up and down the lane. Will you walk with me?”

Mr. Morley consented gladly.

“I want to talk to you very much, but about very many things. You seem to have had an education different to—to the men I have seen here. For instance, you know Shakspeare?”

“I know Shakspeare very well.”

“I know nothing of him but this one play. And that is so wonderful—so utterly unlike, both in thought and diction, to any thing I have ever seen before, that I can nearly say it by heart. Are the other plays to be compared in goodness to this one?”

“Certainly. In perfect dexterity and elegance, I rank *Twelfth Night* as high as any; but for no other qualities. *Hamlet* is the finest of them all.”

“And what is that about?”

“The old Calvinist business—the business without beginning and without end—which keeps so many preachers on their legs, for the simple reason that, let them turn it inside out as often as they will, there is no answer to it. *Hamlet*, with its beautiful language and deep thought, runs mainly on predestination, the permission of evil, and the responsibility in this world and in the next of bad or careless actions, committed, as it would seem, almost unavoidably.”

“And how does Shakspeare get us out of the old difficulty, familiar enough to me, I am sure?” asked Rebecca.

“The characters all stab and poison one another,” said Mr. Morley.

“Mark my words, Mr. Morley,” said Rebecca, stopping short, and stroking the head of her little dog, who, under the impression that it had only been stolen once more in a different sort of way, was low in its little mind; “mark my words, Mr. Morley, that Shakspeare was a man not entirely deprived of understanding. I am aware that you people hate him, curse him from your pulpits, and so on. But there is something in the man.”

“I never cursed him,” said Morley. “I love him.”

“You!” said Rebecca. “I never sat under you. The man whom you call your brother—the man whose opinions you are bound to indorse does, though. I mean the man Hagbut, for I have heard him.”

CHAPTER XI.

HETTY'S LOVER.

“It is not so pleasant in here as in the lane,” said Rebecca, leading the way in to their dull, narrow-windowed sitting-room. “This is the place where I am scolded and admonished. I sit here, do you see, and you sit there. Now, will you please begin and get it over.”

“Can you suppose that I mean to scold you?” he said.

“I suppose that you have come commissioned by my father to see after my spiritual state,” she replied. “Are you not Mr. Hagbut's successor? If so, I am afraid that you will have a thankless task.”

“I assure you, on my honor,” he said, eagerly, “that my visit is solely and entirely to you; that I dislike Mr. Hagbut; that I have no commission from your father whatever. May I go on? I am much older than you, and, God knows, I wish you well.”

“If you put matters on those friendly grounds, I am sure that you may say what you like. If you intend to be truly my friend in a worldly point of view, I can meet you half-way, for I am sure I want one badly.”

“We will sign no compact of friendship,” he answered; “but you shall try me. I am an old widower of forty-two, and have a daughter nearly as old as you.”

“A daughter!” said Rebecca. “I never heard of that before.”

She blushed scarlet as she said it, for she betrayed the fact that he was interesting to her, and that she had inquired about him.

“Yes, I have a daughter,” said Morley, stroking his chin. “Yes; quite so. Hetty (that is short for Hephsibah, not for Esther, you will understand) is nearly as old as you are, I should say.”

“I suppose she is very fond of you?” said Rebecca, still in confusion.

“Why, yes,” said Mr. Morley, still stroking his chin. “Hetty is very fond of me indeed. But I will show you how much I am inclined to put confidence in you, Miss Turner, by telling you that my dear daughter is not a popular person.”

“Is she cross?” asked Rebecca.

“No, she's not cross. When I say that she is unpopular, I mean that she is unpopular among our religious connection, and—well—is a great stumbling-block with them.”

“She seems to be very much in my condition, then,” said Rebecca.

“Very much indeed,” said Mr. Morley, the truth being far too great to be kept back. “Very much so.”

“Did she ever run away and hide for three days, as I did?” said Rebecca.

Mr. Morley did not answer in speech at all, neither did he look at Rebecca at all. He only looked at space, with a compound expression in which there was, simply in a very slight movement of the mouth, a touch of humor, but no anger or sorrow. Rebecca began to have an intense desire to know the young lady, and said so.

“She would be highly flattered, I am sure,” said Mr. Morley, “if I told her so; but I shall not do it, however. By-the-by, may I presume to be sufficiently in your confidence to ask a favor?"

"Provided it is not a guilty secret, of course," said Rebecca.

"But it is," said Mr. Morley. "Don't say any thing about my daughter up here. This part of our connection does not know any thing about her. Even Hagbut keeps the dreadful secret, knowing that if any thing of her ways was known here, Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper would at once find out or invent quite enough about her to make me perfectly useless as a minister to this congregation, when he wanted my services, as he pretty often does. Besides, the girl is a connection of his. You will not mention her?"

"I will not, indeed," said Rebecca, pleased very much at being taken into any one's confidence and treated like a woman. "I am sure she is good."

"There is good in her somewhere," replied Morley, slightly showing his white teeth; "you will keep my secret, then, from your Russel and Soper; now let us talk of other matters. Your father looks very ill and worn."

"I have been behaving very ill, and have given him trouble. I ran away for three days to avoid doing something he had set his heart on my doing. I am very truly penitent for having given him anxiety, but I would do it again to-morrow; and so would your daughter."

"People don't run away from me," said Mr. Morley; "they are more apt to come after me, I think. While I have been sitting here, and looking out of the window, I have noticed one; he has found the house at last; he rings the bell: he asks for me; yes, and here your little maid shows him in."

And into the room came a magnificent young sailor, with the fresh, wild vitality of the sea shining in his bold brown eyes, showing in his noble free gait and bright free smile. A splendid apparition just risen from the ocean, in his ocean's garb; such a youth as Rebecca had never seen before. As one looked at him with traveled eyes, there came on one dim memories of peaceful seas among soft blue islands far away; of angry, cruel icebergs; of wild, horrible, staggering nights when ruin was abroad, and death looked with pale face over the steersman's shoulder at the dim-lit reeling binnacle. A youth who had looked steadily on death often, and would look again and yet again without terror, and die at the last fighting fiercely. Still young, handsome, and gentle.

The old narrow-windowed parlor seemed the darker and the dingier for his presence. With the exception of Rebecca herself, there had been nothing there so splendid for many years. Rebecca had never seen any thing like this; she had seen youth and vitality before, in Jim Akin and the like, but never any thing like this young man. She looked at him with keen curiosity and admiration; and Mr. Morley watched her.

"I have run you to earth, Sir," said the young sailor, who, by his dress, seemed of the superior mate class. "Hetty told me that you would be here."

"Chapter of accidents," said Mr. Morley. "What business was it of Hetty's, or of yours?"

"Hetty said that you were to come home to dinner; and, indeed, we want you."

"You want me a great deal, I have no doubt," said Mr. Morley.

"Indeed, we do want you very much," said the young sailor; "in fact, Hetty would not let me into the house until you come. She only—"

"Never mind that, Sir."

"Well, I won't," he said, laughing; "but you know that she will not take her pleasure without your sharing it. And if Miss Turner," he added, with a bright smile, "will spare you to us this one evening, we will try to make amends in future. May I be introduced to Miss Turner?"

"This, Miss Turner," said Mr. Morley, "is young Leonard Hartop. He is of the salt-water persuasion. The remarkable fact about him is, that he never sails in any kind of ship but what that ship meets with a very serious accident. Likewise, on the occasion of these accidents, some one else is always on the watch. I introduce him."

"I am delighted, I am sure," said Leonard Hartop, "to make Miss Turner's acquaintance. In what you may be allowed to call, on an occasion of this kind, the flowering vale of tears, there is little doubt that our acquaintance will be improved to mutual satisfaction. For you must not believe *him* about me, Miss Turner. His bark is worse than his bite. Nobody cares two-pence-half-penny for him. Now, Mr. Morley, are you coming home to dinner?"

"Wait for me at the lane's end, boy, and I will come," said Mr. Morley; and the young sailor bowed and departed.

"What do you think of him?" he said to Rebecca, when he had gone.

"He is very splendid," said Rebecca, dreamily. "I have never seen any one like him."

"He is a splendid sailor," said Morley. "May I tell you a secret which would ruin us all if it was known?"

"There would be a little excitement about it," said Rebecca; "I think you had better tell me."

"Well, then, I will trust you. He is Hetty's lover."

"She must have good taste, then. I should not entirely break my heart if he was mine."

"No?" said Mr. Morley.

"Well, I don't know," said Rebecca. "That young man and I should never hit it off, you know. He seems as if he liked his own way."

"The most biddable lad going," said Mr. Morley.

"Then he wouldn't suit me. Hetty may have him. I want ordering about; I can't take care of myself. But, speaking to you as a minister, or, as the Papists call it, a father confessor, Mr. Morley, I confess to you that I could, with very small effort, have fallen in love with that young man. If Hetty has got him, let her keep him. I shall know Hetty one day, I see. For the present I have made my arrangements for marriage."

"I dare not ask what arrangements."

"I will save your cowardice, then; I have, for my own purposes, made it impossible for any man to marry me; and I am going to marry old Tibbey."

"Tibbey, the Primitive Methodist, in Leader Street? He is married already."

"Not him, but his wife. I am going to marry her. At all events, I am going to get out of this house in some way. I would to Heaven that I could turn Roman Catholic. *They* find a life and a business for women like me. If I could swallow their miserable superstitions I could join them to-morrow. Why do not you extreme Protestants make provision for women who are willing to devote their lives to God and to the poor, as do the Papists? You cry out at the Papists getting so many converts among women; what is the real reason? These Papists, with a false, low, and I hope moribund, form of Christianity, are the only sect which offers a career to an ordinary and ill-educated woman. Whose fault is it that we are ill-educated? You have refused us education, and we are as clever as you. You teach us to play the piano. The Papists show us a suffering Christ through suffering humanity. They find a sphere for a woman—"

"Which you would occupy for possibly a week."

CHAPTER XII.

HAGBUT'S NEW INTENTIONS.

SHE saw no more of her two new acquaintances for nearly a fortnight, and the old life came back again with almost the old misery and dullness. Yet Rebecca was never exactly as she had been any more. She was more desperately unhappy—that I do not disguise—but her unhappiness now was of a different kind. It was active. Her old unhappiness was as that of one imprisoned in a living tomb from her birth, hopeless, and without any room for fancy, which is one of the greatest mitigators of human ills. She was very miserable again now, but only because dreams, now become possible to her, seemed unattainable. Before this she had no dreams at all: her life was merely a painful sleep. And now, also, she had a companion and a confidant, her little dog.

The man who has never known a woman who will confide to a baby or a dog matters which she would not confide to an intelligent being, must be unfortunate in his experiences. Poor Rebecca told her little Skye terrier a great many things about herself, in which she scarcely believed as to herself, and which she would have denied with the extremest scorn to any person in the world, unless possibly in deep distress to old Mrs. Tibbey.

She had broken all bounds for the first time in her life. In her desperation regarding her marriage to Mr. Hagbut, she had been forced into arms; into a thoroughly successful revolution. True, she had in her weariness come back, as it were, to Cæsarism; but it rests with the politicians to tell us whether the individual or the nation ever gets back into its old frame of mind again after one good taste of liberty. What has been done once may be done twice. The ruler of a once thoroughly revolutionized kingdom sits uneasy on his throne; and what is more to the purpose, the subject knows it. At least Rebecca did. And so now, when the house was dullest, and her father most disagreeable, instead of "wishing she was dead," or declaring that she would marry a coster-monger if he would only take her out of this, used milder formulas; only told her little dog that he would drive her to it again, he would: and that Mab and she and Mrs. Tibbey would go to Ramsgate, and stay there altogether next time; and live on shrimps, and keep a nice little oyster shop, and never go to chapel any more. And if that nasty tiresome Hetty was near, Mab should bark at her.

This babyish nonsense was very good for her. She had had too little of it in her childhood; books like Hans Andersen's had never been seen in that house. It was well for her that she had still child enough left in her after her embittered life only to talk to her little innocent dog in a petulant childish way about Hetty; for she might have talked in a very different one a little time before. Yet one thing she told her dog now, but which she never confessed to herself, was that she hated Hetty.

Hetty the unknown, Hetty the innocent. It was surely unreasonable.

It would be merely confusion of counsel to try and account for it as she did. That Hetty was free; that she could come and go; that she had a father who loved her; and was not watched by two pernicious old trots (meaning Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper); she did not believe in all that herself. Hetty was welcome to all that. She had been inclined to admire Hetty, until Mr. Morley, for reasons of his own, had told her that the young sailor Hartop was her lover.

She had not cared at the time; if he and Hetty had come arm in arm, the next day, and made love before her, she would not have cared much, more particularly if Mr. Morley had come too. But this grand young sailor had left his image on a late awakened and fully developed mind, and it would not go. He was the first really splendid man she had ever seen.

And he had appeared, only to draw her only friend, Mr. Morley, away from her. They had left *her* at once, to go after this Hetty, and all their schemes, and goings on down at Limehouse, the gate of freedom: for you might get on board a ship in Limehouse, and you might sail away any where—to the happy islands in the Western Sea, where there was no chapel-going, or tea-meeting, or Sunday-school, all of which Mr. Morley wished to establish there; or even further, to those islands where you could do as you pleased, and escape the consequences of your own actions; in which islands Mr. Morley did not believe. (This was, of course, only said to the little dog.) But even to her sister, Carry, she grumbled, after a few days. She told her that she thought Mr. Morley had whisked himself off with his young friend rather unceremoniously.

"I am glad to hear he has been here," said Carry.

"Yes; he came to see me. And I should like him to come again. But the young sailor, to whom his daughter is engaged, came and carried him off."

"Mr. Morley has no daughter," said Carry.

"Indeed, but he has though," said Rebecca. "And I wish he hadn't."

"Dearest Rebecca," said Caroline, with just such tact as she had gathered from her station, and her school, "believe a tender sister, when she tells you that Mr. Morley has no family."

"But I tell you he has. Hetty was alive a week ago; bother her."

"You are in a perfect dream, my dear sister," said Carry. "Mr. Morley is perfectly unencumbered, and his prospects are, in a pecuniary point of view, very good indeed. I give you my *honor* he has no daughter. I tell you, you have been dreaming."

"*That* is true enough," said Rebecca. "I have been dreaming a deal too much. But who told you he had no daughter?"

"Mr. Hagbut, to-night, at Miss Soper's."

"How did he come to say it there?" said Rebecca, who was beginning to get a little uneasy about this mysterious Hetty's legal relation to Mr. Morley.

Carry was a certain kind of British woman, who when she saw occasion would walk clean through half a dozen quickset hedges, without, as vulgar people say, winking her eye. She did so on this occasion, as on many others.

"The fact of the matter is, my dear Rebecca, that Mr. Hagbut has announced his intention to several mutual friends, of paying his addresses to me. He has not committed himself to me in any way as yet; he has not sufficiently studied my character. But he has said, with a view of my hearing it at second-hand, that if I should be found worthy of his great position, and if he sees hopes of forming my character to his standard, he will overlook the disgrace which one member of our family has brought on it; and—"

"He is rapid in his determinations," said Rebecca, quietly.

"He is very determined. He is a man to be obeyed. But this is a little past the matter. His opinion is that Mr. Morley is very much inclined to marry you, in spite of all that has happened."

"Yes," said Rebecca, very quietly.

"Indeed he thinks so," said Carry; "and we all rejoiced with a great joy. I consider, that if you are careful, such a thing might be. And in the course of conversation I asked if he had any family; and he said that there was a daughter, but that she was dead."

"He meant dead in trespasses and sins, you know," said Rebecca.

"He said dead," said Carry. "Now you know the whole truth, my dear."

Burning lava over boiling water makes a good explosion, as geologists tell us. There were all the elements of it in Rebecca's heart. She could have killed them all with burning words. For them to *dare*, after her resolution, to buy and sell her like this. The way in which the crust of respectability forms quickly over the lava of revolution is what drives some men, who will not look to the great cyclical advance of matters, mad. And really, Charles the Second and Dryden, as successors and apparently results of Cromwell and Milton, is a bitter pill for a Whig. Men, maddened with this view of things, try to assassinate innocent sovereigns. Can we wonder that Rebecca felt a strong inclination to box her sister's ears?

Only for one moment. She was a clear-hearted woman, with all her faults. She saw her own sister before her, and all her little petty woes and wrongs were forgotten. Easily forgotten, for she had freed herself. Instead of giving way to ill-temper, she gave way to good; and, kneeling before her sister, said:

"Carry, sister! we have always been good friends. In Heaven's name have nothing to do with that man. Are you forced? *I* was forced; but I beat them, the mean tattlers and time-servers. Do as I did if you hate it. Come away as I did, sister; and see what the world is out of this miserable lane. I will never leave you, dear; no more will Elizabeth Tibbey; no more will Mab. Fly from it, dear, with me. We could keep a little shop, or any thing: Mr. Tibbey would tell us. Or we would go to Mr. Morley, and he would tell us what to do. But oh, that man, Carry! There is time to save yourself; in Heaven's name think what you are doing."

Rebecca's wild appeal failed absolutely. Carry's mind was too well formed. Rebecca's appeal to her, beautiful in its affectionate unselfishness, if in nothing else, was to her hideous and amorphous—shapeless to her: her sister was a woman with a wild, ill-regulated mind: an object of pity. Yet, in her reply, she unconsciously allowed that there was reason in Rebecca's wild plea to her; for, instead of showing pity, she showed resentment. And Rebecca had so nearly won, that this resentment took the form of anger: anger expressed as she had heard it expressed in her family, a little coarsely.

"You fool, get up, and don't kneel to me; kneel to your Maker. You are the plague of our lives. When I am married to him you will always be held over my head like a whip. The old business was just hushed up, when you must break out. Get up."

She got up at once, but she smiled kindly, too. "You will be sorry for these words, Carry, dear, long after I have forgotten them."

"I know I shall, you wicked thing!" said Carry, sobbing bitterly. "Why did you tempt me to say them?"

"Because I did not like to see one I love marry a man utterly beneath her, and utterly unworthy of her."

Whereupon, poor old Carry gathered up her skirts, and walked through another quickset hedge, consisting of Mr. Hagbut's virtues, through which we will not follow her.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FRANK EXPLANATION.

WHEN the sisters had parted Rebecca was very angry again. For them to have dared to use her name like this once more. "Still the question arises," she said, "is it not all their own inconceivable folly? Mr. Morley is far too much of a gentleman to have spoken to any of *them*, at all events, before he spoke to me. He is inclined to like me, and I am fond enough of him; but he does not admire me."

Her father came in, and without looking at him, she said: "Has Mr. Morley spoken to you about any intentions of his with regard to me, Sir?"

"Certainly not!" said her father. "Do you mean matrimonial intentions? Why, you have scarcely seen him; and if Morley had any such intentions, he, with his breeding, would most surely have made himself safe with you in the first instance. Tell us the story, Rebecca; do not let us mistake one another again. Has he shown you any attentions?"

"None whatever, except those of an interested friend. He has been very kind to me."

"Then how has this report come about?" asked her father. And Rebecca simply told him what Carry had told her.

"So you see," she added, "that my name is the common talk of Miss Soper's tea-table in connection with his."

"What an abominable shame! *Who* said it?"

"Mr. Hagbut."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Turner. "Yes, yes! quite so. My dear daughter, I have reason to believe *now* that Mr. Morley does really more or less admire you, and that Mr. Hagbut has remarked it."

"Am I never to be let alone?" cried Rebecca.

"Do not interrupt; listen—open your eyes. I have reason now to believe that Hagbut at least suspects that, in course of time, Mr. Morley may come to admire you, and that he has, knowing your proud and uncontrollable temper, put this report about in such a way as may set you utterly against Mr. Morley."

"What on earth is it to him?" said Rebecca.

"Between five and six thousand pounds, my dear. If you marry so well as Morley—marry, in fact, a gentleman of respectability and strength of character, like him—you will have the same fortune as your sister. If you remain single at my death, you will have one hundred a year; if you make a foolish match, you will have eighteen shillings a week, tied up to you, and payable weekly. Hagbut thinks that if he can in any way get rid of this match, he will net certainly five, and possibly seven thousand pounds."

"He is a villain," said Rebecca, with singular emphasis; "and I always told you so."

"This is rather sharp practice, certainly," said Mr. Turner. "Now, I may have made such sharp practice, or I may not. I can't say. I meet and am friendly with men who would do such things, and I am never angry with them. But I am angry now. For him to put his pudding brains against mine! Oh, Master Hagbut, the Pope shall be the richer for that odd money sooner than you. For him to come lawyer. And over me!"

"Why is my sister to be sacrificed to such a wretch?"

"He is not a wretch. She will lick his feet, and he will let her, and be kind to her. It is the same between priests and women in all churches. I myself would lick the dust of the shoes of any man who could assure me of heaven—still more will a frightened and ignorant woman. He will be very kind to her, and she will adore him. Have you been saying any thing to her against him?"

"I fear a great deal," said Rebecca, in downright honesty, expecting an outburst.

"Do not do so again, my dear Rebecca. Nothing can prevent their being husband and wife, and so sow no seeds of discord. Remember that, child. This has not been a happy house; do not use your power to make another such."

What between her father's kindness, and her ideal future of poor Carry, it was through tears that she promised that she would not.

"Do you like Mr. Morley?" he asked.

"Yes, very much indeed. But I could never think of marrying him."

"Don't let us deceive one another, Rebecca. Is there any one else?"

"No," she said at once. Who could there be? She was not allowed to go out of the lane, and never saw any one. But she said it with so poor an air that her father looked suspiciously at her, and said:

"Well, my girl, we had a great fight, and you won. Perhaps I am older and wiser than when I knew your mother. At all events, if I made errors with her I do not wish to repeat them with you. I have told you how you will be situated as regards money-matters. Further than that, no more constraint shall be put upon you than is now. Do you understand?"

"I am thankful."

"Keep your ears open and your attention awake, and never repeat what I am going to tell you. When you brought disgrace on this house as you did, that fellow Hagbut came to me to break off his engagement with you, as he was almost bound to do. But the way he did it showed me he was a rascal and a sneak, every inch of him. By Heaven! he little knew how near he was being pitched into the lane."

"And yet poor Carry—" began Rebecca.

"Hold your tongue! you have enough to do without minding Carry. Mind yourself, and listen to me. You say there is no one has your heart; I ask no further. But mind, if there were, and Hagbut knew it, he will, if he is likely to be entirely displeasing to me, throw him against you."

Rebecca sat perfectly silent, and her father saw that there was more than he cared to know. At last she said, "Please, father, has Mr. Morley a daughter?"

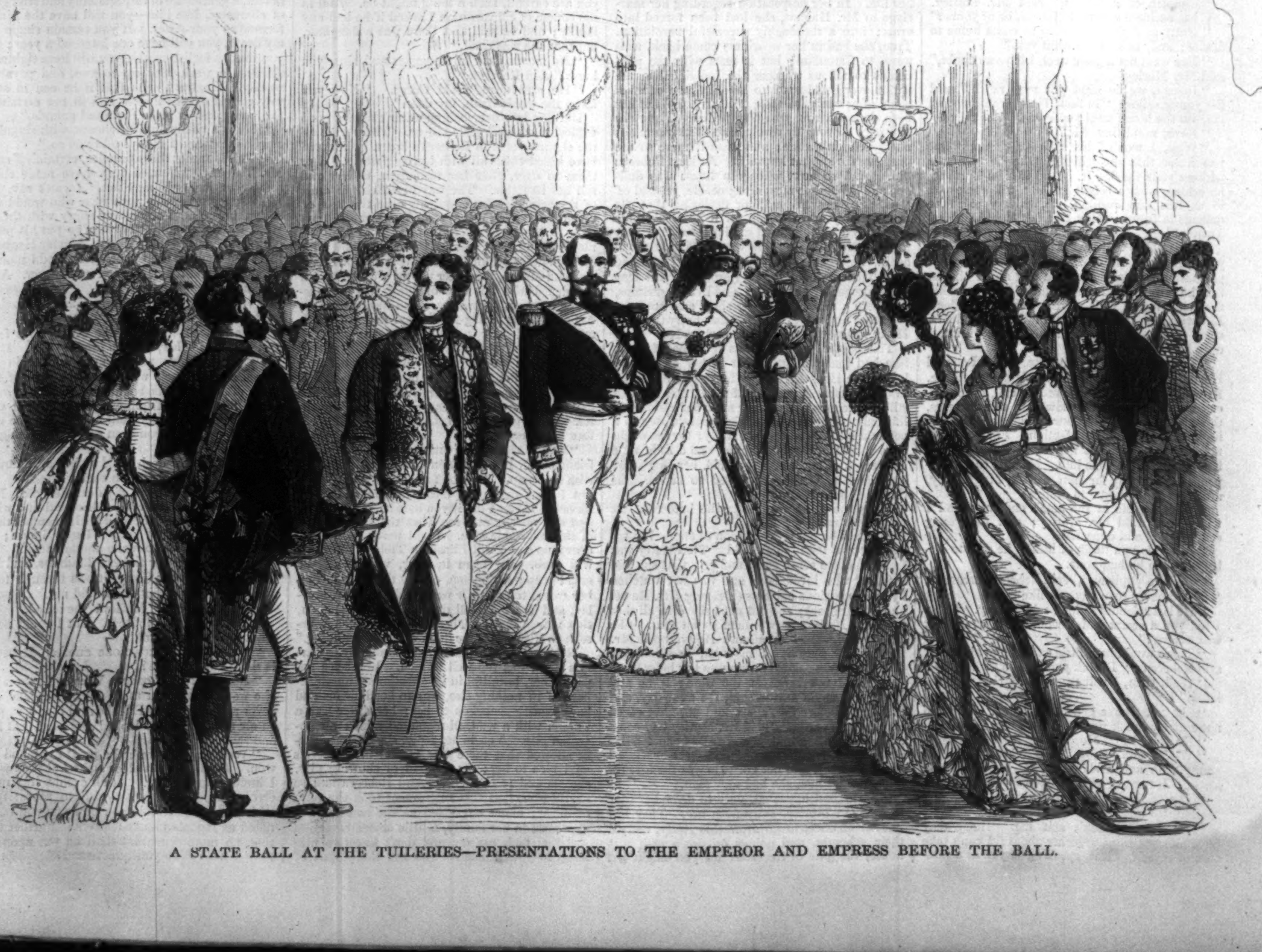
"He may have a dozen for aught I know. I only know his eminent character; I know nothing of his domestic life, except that he is a widower."

"Because he told me he had, and told me much about her. And Hagbut denies that there is any such daughter."

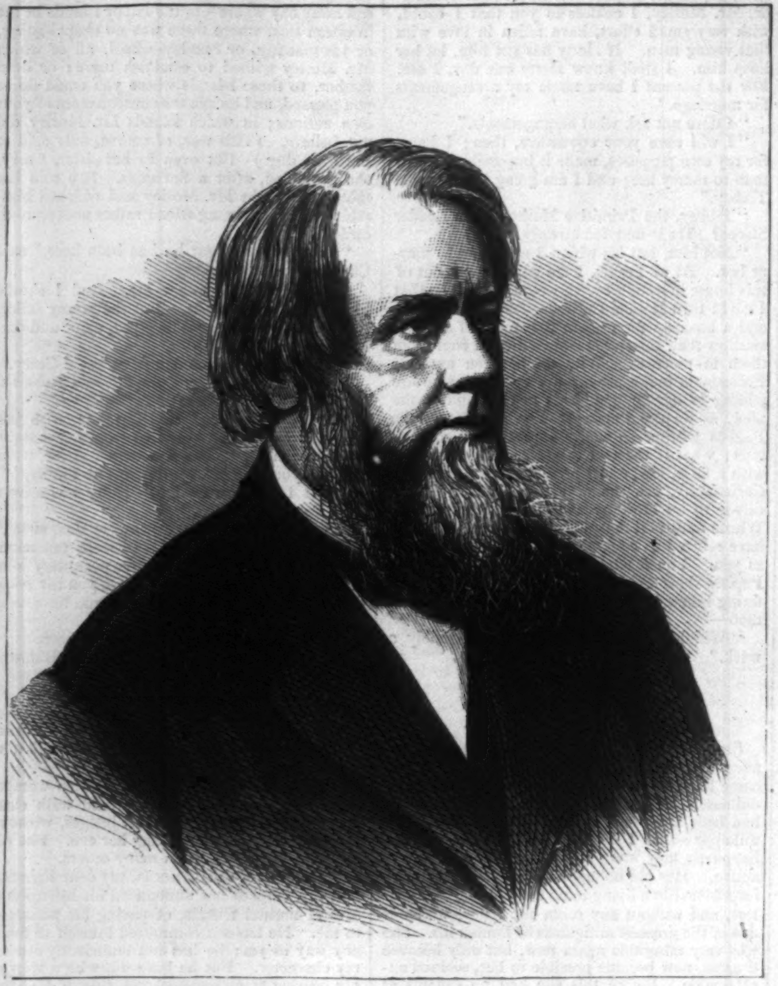
"Hagbut is probably overreaching himself in some way," said Mr. Turner, coolly. "Suppose, for an instance, that Morley had a daughter who had done him discredit, such as yourself, you know, he might possibly be scheming to keep her as long as possible in the back-ground, and make anger between you and Morley. In which, you see, he has already failed, for Morley has told you all about her. Mind, once more, in conclusion; if there is any man of whom I should disapprove in this case, Hagbut *thinks* he wins £8000 by your marrying him, and he will contrive that you should meet him. And so, good-night."

STATE BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

THE invitations to the balls at the Tuileries are drawn up by the High Chamberlain, the guests being selected from a carefully-prepared list of some 10,000 persons, and are distributed by mounted soldiers, or by servants in the Imperial livery of gold and green; the color of the card of invitation indicating the comparative rank of its recipient. Official and diplomatic personages and their families enter by a little staircase leading to the private apartments; but the main body of the guests alight at the door of a vast marble vestibule and pour in one unbroken stream up the grand staircase, being received on the landing by a splendidly-attired official, who takes their cards of invitation from them. The ball itself takes place in the Salle des Maréchaux, a vast saloon, receiving its title from its walls being decorated with the portraits of the first twelve Marshals of the Empire. This hall is the largest in the Tuileries; but, despite its size, the crowd is frequently so great that dancing becomes an impossibility, though numerous chamberlains in scarlet uniforms, and ushers with their necks encircled by chains of massy silver, are continually doing their utmost to maintain a clear space. At about ten o'clock the Emperor and Empress, preceded by the Duc de Cambacères, Master of the Ceremonies, proceed to the ball-room through the Galerie de la Paix, where the presentations to them take place, as represented in our engraving. His Imperial Majesty invariably wears a blue dress-coat with gold buttons, knee-breeches, stockings, and the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor. The Empress, on a recent occasion, wore a dress of rose-colored gauze, spangled with gold and trimmed with festoons of flowers, a wreath of flowers intermingled with diamonds being twined in her hair. The quadrille of honor, the persons taking part in which are always designated by the Emperor, is usually danced in the throne-room, a reserved space being kept by the exertions of a body of honorary chamberlains. The etiquette of the days of the Bourbons, against which MARIE ANTOINETTE so energetically protested, still surrounds the present occupants of the Tuileries. We learn from the recently published "Book of Ceremonial" that, "if his Majesty wishes to dance, the first Chamberlain, or in his absence the Chamberlain on duty, must approach and receive from him his sword and hat," and that, "when the Emperor stops dancing, the first Chamberlain presents his sword and hat to him." Consequently, if by some unforseen catastrophe the first Chamberlain and the Chamberlain on duty both happened to be absent, the Emperor would either have to dance with hat and sword or not dance at all. At midnight the supper, which is laid upon a long horseshoe buffet in the Galerie de Diane, is announced. It is partaken of standing, and the retirement of the Emperor and Empress, who sup first with a few selected guests, is the signal for a terrible rush on the part of the rest of the company, a rush which, despite all the efforts of the various officials, frequently becomes a most undignified scramble. The ball invariably concludes with the cotillou, a species of figure-dance in which all kinds of accessories, such as wreaths of flowers, flags, paper hoops like those leaped through by circus-riders, gigantic pasteboard heads, etc., are made use of. The Marquis de Caux, the husband of ADELINA PATTI, was the leader of the cotillon at the Tuileries, and was celebrated for his ingenuity in devising new figures.



A STATE BALL AT THE TUILERIES—PRESENTATIONS TO THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS BEFORE THE BALL.



HON. HENRY B. ANTHONY, PRESIDENT PRO TEM. OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

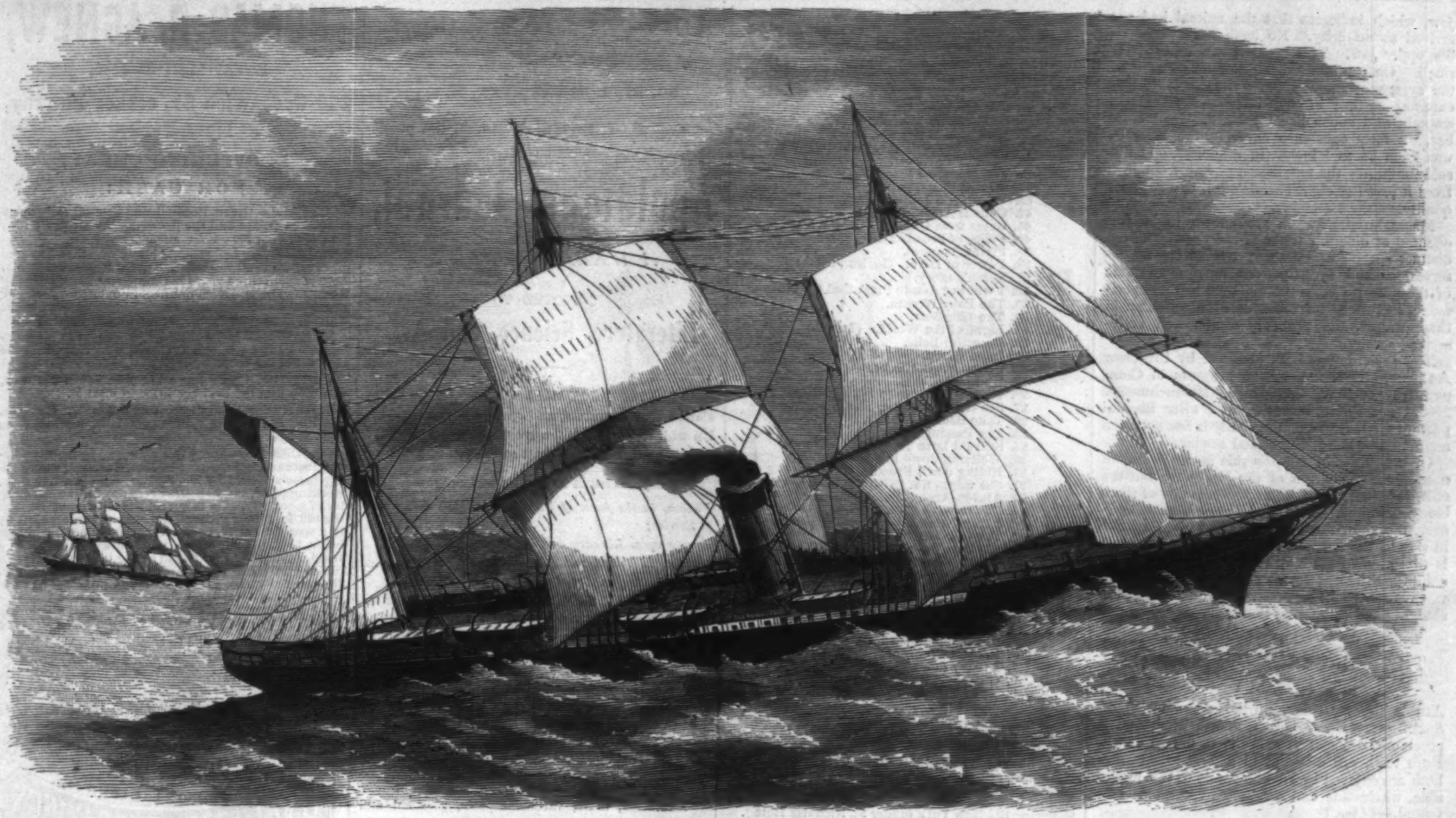
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

HON. HENRY B. ANTHONY,

PRESIDENT PRO TEM. OF THE SENATE.

THE President *pro tem.* of the Senate is, as regards succession, the third officer in our Government. His selection, therefore, in view of our past experience, is an affair of great importance. The choice of Senator H. B. ANTHONY, of Rhode Island, for this position is the greatest compliment which could be paid him by the body with which he has been connected for the past ten years. The tribute is one which Senator ANTHONY well deserves.

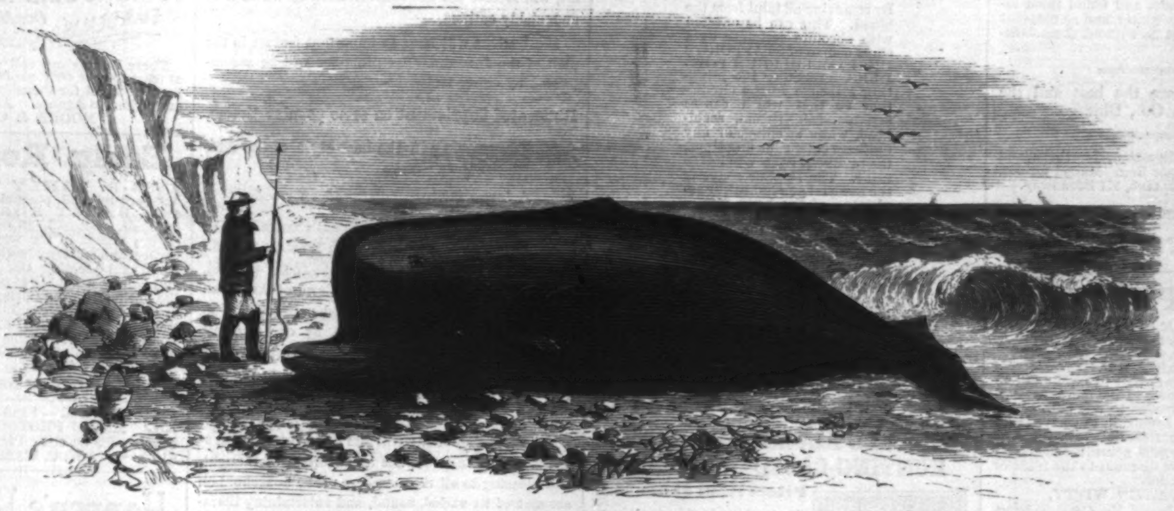
Senator ANTHONY was born in Coventry, Rhode Island, April 1, 1815, of Quaker ancestry. He was graduated at Brown University in 1833, and in 1838 he assumed the editorial charge of the Providence *Journal.* He was elected Governor of Rhode Island in 1849; re-elected in 1850. He declined a second re-election, and became Senator in 1859. In 1865 his term expired, and he was again elected, his present term expiring in 1871. He was a member of the National Committee appointed to accompany the remains of President LINCOLN to Illinois. He is as popular in the Senate as he is honest and patriotic in the service of his State and the nation. Senator ANTHONY does not belong to the legal profession, and therefore is not touched by Senator SPRAGUE's recent philippic. He is largely endowed with common-sense. No wiser selection of a temporary President could have been made.



RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC BETWEEN THE "RUSSIA" AND THE "CITY OF PARIS."—[See Page 215.]

"CAST UP BY THE SEA."

This animal, classed scientifically under the head of Cetacea, was found on the beach at Dennis, Massachusetts, January 29, 1869. When found the blood was still warm, and it is supposed to have accidentally come too near the shore in the night, and by the force of the waves, which were high at the time, to have been driven entirely to the land, where, by its constant exertions to free itself, it soon became exhausted; at the same time the tide ebbing left it at some distance from the water, where it soon died. It measured 25 feet in length and 6 feet in height. It had a very large tail, measuring six feet across from the extremity of one lobe to that of the other; two pectoral fins two feet five inches long, also one dorsal fin nearly midway on its back, three or four inches high, thick at the base and narrowing toward the top. The head, the most peculiar and conspicuous portion of the animal, is globular on the upper part, tapering toward the lower side; the anterior part nearly perpendicular, the upper part a little in advance; and at the bottom is a projection very much resembling a bill, 20 inches long, slightly curved, giving the fore part of the animal a singular and striking appearance. No teeth were to be seen protruding through the gums, but on dissection several were found on the forward end of the lower



A STRANGE SPECIES OF WHALE, STRANDED ON THE BEACH AT DENNIS, MASSACHUSETTS.—[Sketched by J. H. Blake.]

REVOLT OF CONVICTS AT SING SING, NEW YORK—THE CONFLICT ON THE SLOOP "EXCHANGE."—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 215.]

jaw, which indicates that the animal had not arrived at maturity. No teeth were found on the upper jaw. The eyes were comparatively small. On top of the head, a little forward of the eyes, was situated the "spout-hole." The external surface of the body was jet black, smooth, and shone like oiled-silk. Its "blubber," a fatty substance covering the muscles, was from 2½ to 4 inches in thickness, and was sold for $175; the purchasers probably obtained from it seven or eight barrels of oil of a superior quality.

Massachusetts waters are known to be frequented at different times of the year by eleven distinct species of Cetacea; but as far as observations and investigations have gone none of these bear a close resemblance to this specimen; therefore it is considered a stranger in these waters, and probably a new and undescribed species.

The skeleton has been obtained by Professor AGASSIZ, and is now at the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Massachusetts. It did not arrive, however, until after his departure for Havana, consequently it has not been examined by the distinguished *savant*.

Of this order of animals this is the sixteenth now in the possession of the Museum; but the crowded state of the rooms prevents any of them being exhibited. During the present year, however, the show-room is to be more than tripled in size by the extension of the building; and it is to be hoped ere long room will be found for exhibiting these skeletons all mounted naturally, when an excellent opportunity will be offered for studying and comparing them.

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14. Little Maggie May.
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12. Come hither, my Baby, my Darling.
11. Genevieve Waltz.
10. Skating Rink Polka.
9. Champagne Charlie.
8. Praise of Tears.
7. I really don't Think I shall Marry.
6. Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye.
5. Not for Joseph.
4. Blue Eyes.
3. We'd better Bide a Wee.
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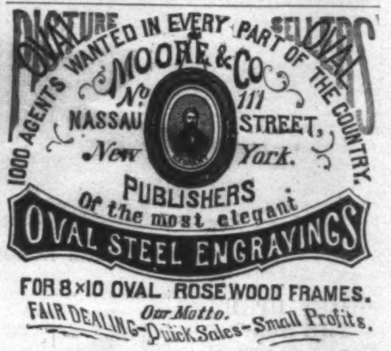

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